

MURRAY'S
SONGS
—FOR—
Sunday Schools
AND
GOSPEL MEETINGS.

BY
JAMES R. MURRAY,
Author of "PURE DIAMONDS," &c.

BOSTON:
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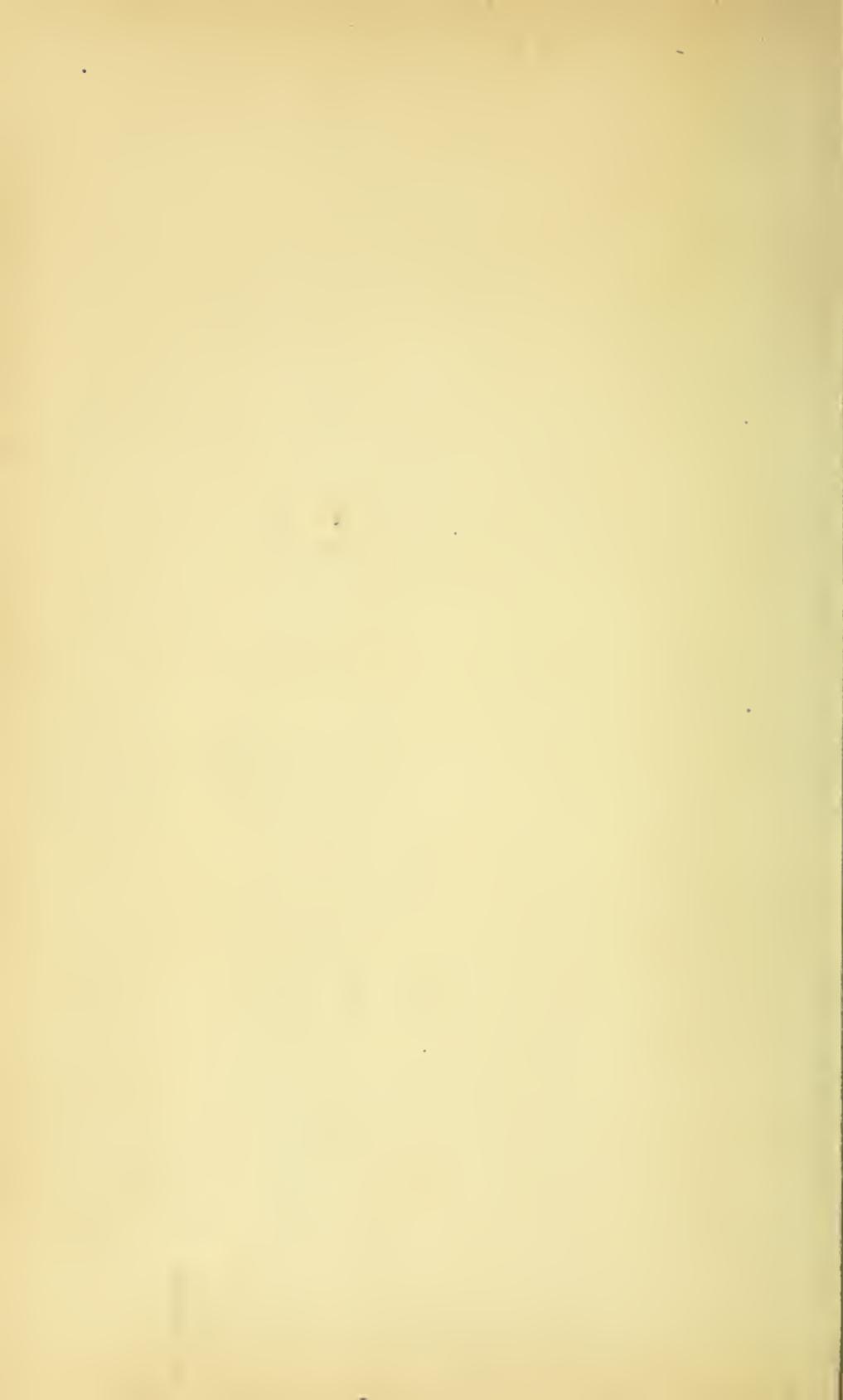
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MURRAY'S

SONGS for SUNDAY SCHOOLS

AND

GOSPEL MEETINGS.

WITH SPECIAL ADAPTATIONS OF STANDARD HYMNS
AND TUNES, FOR PRAYER, CONFERENCE,
AND CAMP MEETINGS.

BY ✓✓

JAMES R. MURRAY,

Author of "PURE DIAMONDS," &c.

PLEASE EXAMINE THIS BOOK BEFORE SELECTING. 

The following is a List of a part of the Contributors:

DR. GEO. F. ROOT, P. P. BLISS, H. R. PALMER, REV. ROBT. LOWRY,
W. H. DOANE, J. R. MURRAY, WM. G. FISCHER, J. H. TENNEY,
C. A. WHITE, J. A. BROAD, REV. W. F. CRAFTS, E. S. LORENZ,
REV. E. A. HOFFMAN, IRA D. SANKEY, DR. J. B. HERBERT,
C. D. BLAKE, H. P. DANKS, W. F. HEATH, S. W. STRAUB,
L. MARSHALL, J. K. COLE, AND MANY OTHERS

BOSTON:

WHITE, SMITH & CO.,

516 WASHINGTON STREET.

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P R E F A C E.

A certain poet says: "Man was made to mourn." I do not believe it. Man was made to sing; to rejoice. It is quite time, I think, to stop whining and wailing and otherwise expressing discontent with the world and our life in it, and thus with the overruling providence of God. We turn our faces from the sun, and then grumble because it does not shine on them. "Looking forward strains the eyes: looking upward opens Heaven;" therefore we ought to look upward. Keep the windows of the heart open to the sunrise, like those in the guest chamber of the Palace Beautiful, so that in the morning the Pilgrim may sing when he awakes, because of the shining and the glory. Be ever looking to the Lord, who giveth songs in the night, and with the songs gives us to dwell, even here and now, in that happy country of which is said, "It has no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for there is no night there."

With an earnest desire to help to this view of life and living, I have written this book. I present it to those who need what it may have in it of help or hope, with the sincere prayer that it may be of use in this way. At any rate, if life be a burden, let it help to make it but the burden of a song, which is a very pleasant thing, you know; because in the chorus (burden) we do not sing alone; those around us sing, and that helps. And we should be still more helped had we an Elisha by our side to ask that our "eyes might be opened." They that are with us are more than they that be against us.

Let us, then, as we sing, set our faces Godward, which is also Heavenward and Homeward as well; having in our hearts the sweetest song of all, the music of a holy life, ever singing itself to the Blessed Father, till we come to praise Him in glory everlasting.

JAMES R. MURRAY.

MURRAY'S

SONGS for SUNDAY SCHOOLS

AND

GOSPEL MEETINGS.

Coronation. C. M.

Rev. E. PERRONET, 1780.

O. HOLDEN, 1793.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
 2. Let ev' - ry kin-dred, ev' - ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
 3. Oh, that with yon-der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
 To Him all maj - es - ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
 We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all maj - es - ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

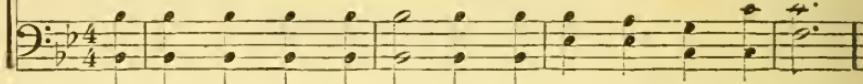
The Way, the Truth, the Life.

From the German of CARL JULIUS ASSCHENFELD.

GEO. F. ROOT.



1. A - mid life's wild com - mo - tion, Where nought the heart can cheer,
 2. When doubts and fears dis - tress us, And all a - round is gloom,
 3. Who fills our hearts with glad-ness That none can take a - way?



Who points be - yond its o - cean To heav - en's bright-er sphere?
 And shame and fear op - press us, Who can our souls il - lumine?

Who shows us, 'midst our sad - ness, The dis - tant realms of day?



Our fee - ble foot - steps guid - ing, When from the path we stray,
 Heaven's rays are round us gleam - ing, And mak-ing all things bright,
 'Mid fears of death as - sail - ing, Who stills the heart's wild strife?



Who leads to bliss a - bid - ing? Christ is our on - ly way.
 The Sun of Truth is beam-ing In glo - ry on our sight.
 'Tis Christ, our Friend un - fail - ing, The Way, the Truth, the Life.



Wonderful Words of Life.

5

Moderato.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won-der-ful words of
 2. Christ, the bless - ed one gives to all Won-der-ful words of
 3. Sweet-ly e - cho the gos - pel call, Won-der-ful words of

Life, Let me more of their beau - ty see, Wonder - ful words of
 Life; Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Wonder - ful words of
 Life, Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Wonder - ful words of

Life. Words of Life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;
 Life. All so free - ly giv - en, Woo-ing us to heav - en.
 Life. Je - sus, on - ly Sa - viour, Sane - ti - fy for - ev - er.

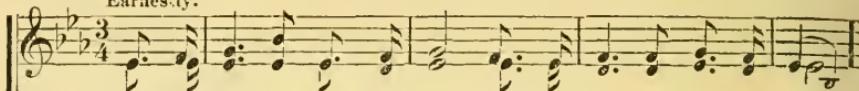
Beautiful words, wondful words, Wonderful words of Life, Life.

1 2

Give me Jesus.

Words and music, JAMES R. MURRAY.

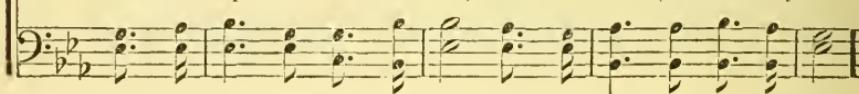
Earnestly.



1. Give me Je-sus and His love, I shall noth-ing want be-side;
2. Bid all oth-er joys de-part, I shall hap-py, hap-py be;
3. Will you have Him, friend of mine, Have his love, his heav'n, his home?



With him near where'er I rove, Noth-ing ill can me be-tide.
 With his love with-in my heart, What can harm or hin-der me?
 O ae-cept this Friend Di-vine, "Who-so - ev - er will" may come!



REFRAIN.



Give me Je-sus, give me Je-sus, On the sea or on the shore,



Give me Je-sus, give me Je-sus, I shall want for noth-ing more.



Thine forever.

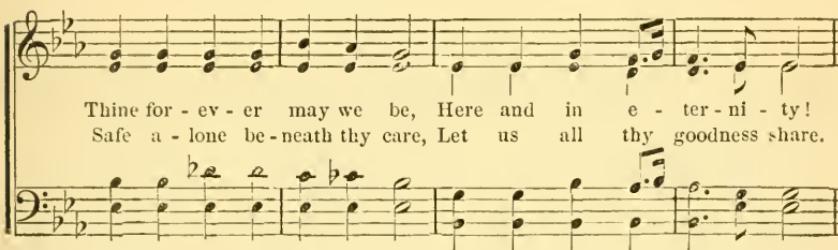
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M. F. MAUDE.

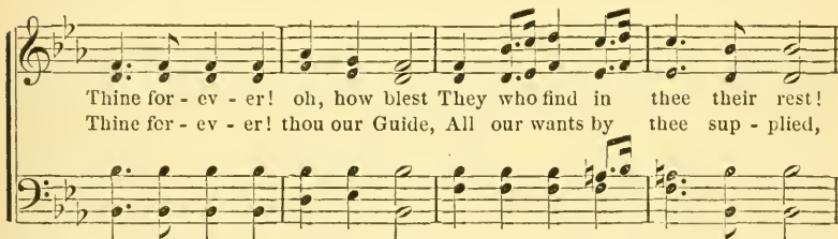
Arr. from BLUMENTHAL.



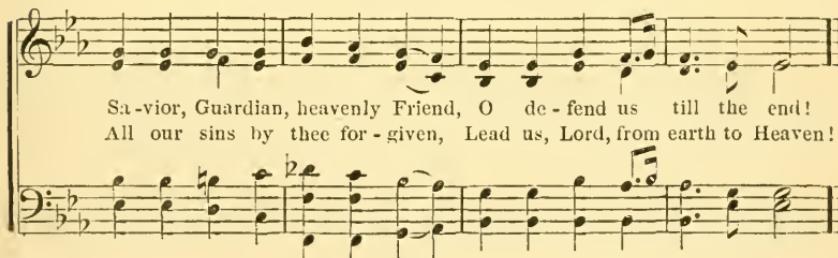
1. Thine for - ev - er! God of love, Hear us from thy throne a - bove!
2. Thine for - ev - er! Sa - vior, keep These thy frail and trembling sheep;



Thine for - ev - er may we be, Here and in e - ter - ni - ty!
Safe a - lone be - neath thy care, Let us all thy goodness share.



Thine for - ev - er! oh, how blest They who find in thee their rest!
Thine for - ev - er! thou our Guide, All our wants by thee sup - plied,



Sa - vior, Guardian, heavenly Friend, O de - fend us till the end!
All our sins by thee for - given, Lead us, Lord, from earth to Heaven!

Heaven is always bright.

"For the Lord God giveth them light."

Mrs. AUGUSTA L. CUMMINGS.

J. R. M.



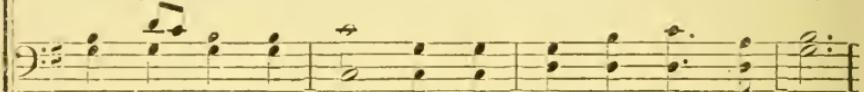
1. The way is long and drea - ry, Clouds oft - en dim the light; Our
 2. Unknow - ing - ly we stum - ble, And faint be - fore 'tis night; God's
 3. Ere long we'll reach the riv - er, Fair Ca - naan full in sight; Tho'
 4. No sin, no care, no sor - row, But un - al - loyed de-light; Haste



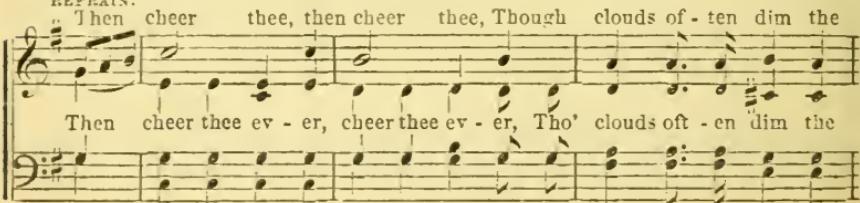
hearts are sore and wea - ry, But Heaven is al - ways bright. Our
 chast'ning makes us hum - ble, While Heaven is al - ways bright. God's
 on its brink we shiv - er. In Heaven 'tis al - ways bright. Tho'
 then, ye com - ing mor - row, For Heaven is al - ways bright. Haste

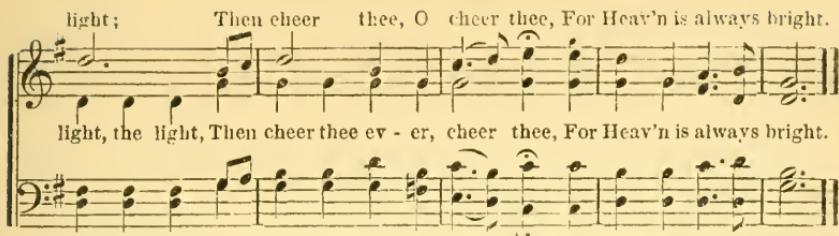


hearts are sore and wea - ry, But Heaven is al - ways bright.
 chast'ning makes us hum - ble, While Heaven is al - ways bright.
 on its brink we shiv - er. In Heaven 'tis al - ways bright.
 then, ye com - ing mor - row, For Heaven is al - ways bright.



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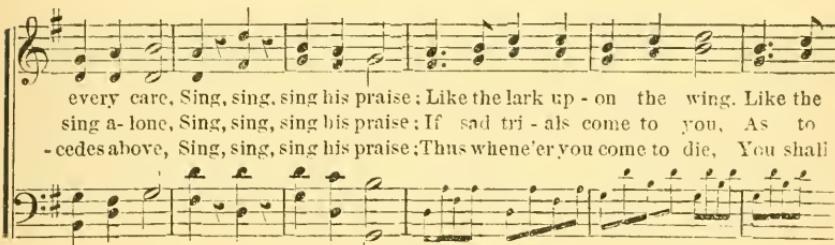
light; Then cheer thee, O cheer thee, For Heav'n is always bright.


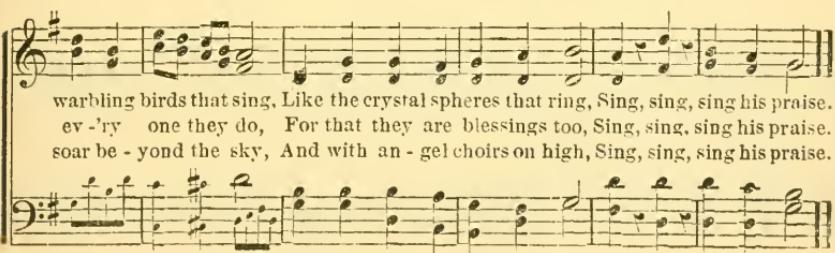
light, the light, Then cheer thee ev - er, cheer thee, For Heav'n is always bright.

Sing His praise.

With spirit.

1. Would you be as an - gels are, Sing, sing, sing his praise; Would you banish
 2. If the world up - on you frown, Sing, sing, sing his praise; If you're left to
 3. For his wondrous dy - ing love, Sing, sing, sing his praise; That he in - ter -


every care, Sing, sing, sing his praise; Like the lark up - on the wing. Like the
 sing a - lone, Sing, sing, sing his praise; If sad tri - als come to you, As to
 - cedes above, Sing, sing, sing his praise; Thus whene'er you come to die, You shall


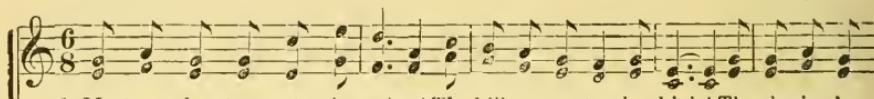
warbling birds that sing, Like the crystal spheres that ring, Sing, sing, sing his praise.
 ev -'ry one they do, For that they are blessings too, Sing, sing, sing his praise.
 soar be - yond the sky, And with an - gel choirs on high, Sing, sing, sing his praise.


"Peace, be still."

Christ's Power over Nature.—Mark iv. 35-41.

Miss M. A. BAKER.

H. R. PALMER, by per.



1. Master, the tempest is raging! The billows are tossing high! The sky is o'er -
 2. Master, with anguish of spirit I bow in my grief to - day; The depths of my
 3. Master, the ter - ror is o-ver, The el-ements sweetly rest; Earth's sun in the



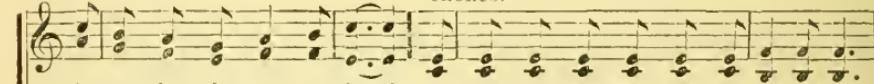
- shadowed with blackness, No shelter or help is nigh; "Car-est thou not that we
 sad heart are troubled, Oh, waken and save, I pray! Torrents of sin and of
 calm lake is mirror'd, And heaven's within my breast; Linger, O blessed Re -



perish?" How canst thou lie a - sleep, When each moment so madly is threat'ning,
 anguish Sweep o'er my sink - ing soul; And I per - ish! I perish! dear Master,
 - deemer, Leave me a - lone no more; And with joy I shall make the blest harbor,



CHORUS.



A grave in the an - gry deep? }
 O has - ten, and take con - trol. } The winds and the waves shall o-beay my will,
 And rest on the bliss-ful shore. }



p *pp*

Peace, be still, Whether the wrath of the storm-toss'd sea, Or demons or
Peace, be still! peace, be still!

Cres - - - - - *een* - - - - -

men, or what-ev-er it be, No wa-ters can swallow the ship where lies The

do. *ff* *m*

Master of ocean, and earth and skies; They all shall sweetly o-bey my will,

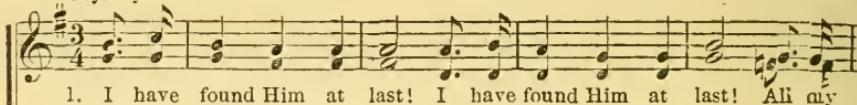
m *p* *p* *pp*

Peace, be still! Peace, be still! They all shall sweetly o-bey my will, Peace, peace, be still!

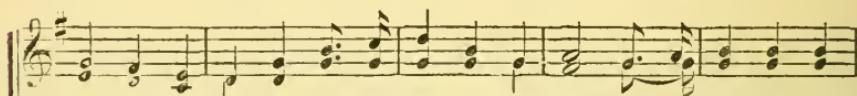
I have found Him.

Words and music, JAMES R. MURRAY.

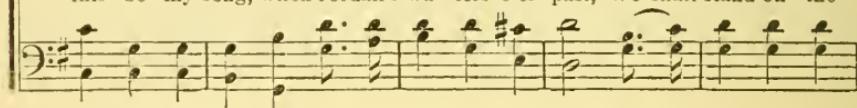
Joyfully.



1. I have found Him at last! I have found Him at last! All my
 2. I have found Him at last! I have found Him at last! To my
 3. I have found Him at last! I have found Him at last! O may



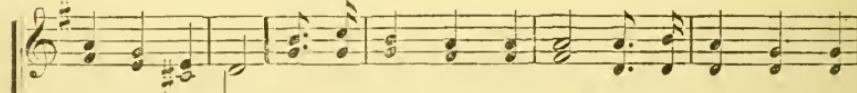
groping in darkness, all my doubting is past: Oh, sad was the
 poor need-y bo - som I will hold Je-sus fast; O the find-ing was
 this be my song, when Jordan's wa - ters o'er-past, We shall stand on the



day when from Him I did stray, But I've found Him, I've found Him, closely
 sweet, it is sure and complete; O how hap - py I lie at the
 shore of the sweet ev - er - more, Where all sor - row and sin - ning and



REFRAIN.



by Him I'll stay. } I have found Him at last, I have found Him at
 Blessed One's feet. } sigh - ing are o'er. }



last, Hal - le - lu - jah to Je - sus, I have found Him at last.

I am Coming to the Cross.

"He that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

Rev. WM. McDONALD.

Wm. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
Cho. I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

I am counting all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Humbly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
'I will cleanse you from all sin.' Cho.

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,—
Wholly Thine for evermore. Cho.

4 In thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied :
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified. Cho.

5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in Him I am;
I am every whit made whole:
Glory, glory to the Lamb. Cho.

Joy ye in Jesus.

"Whom not having seen, we love."

Mrs. A. L. C.

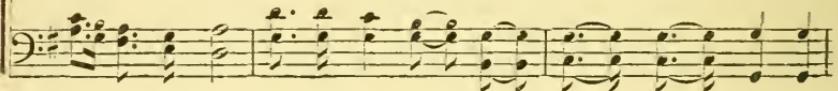
J. R. M.



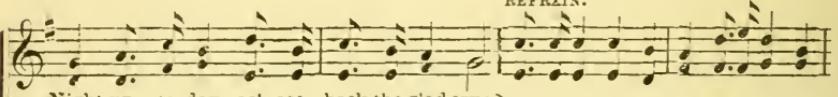
1. Joy ye in Je-sus, seek ye to proclaim Him, O'er the wide world where your
 2. Who is this King of glo-ry that com-eth, O-pen, ye gates, let the
 3. Haste ye, proclaim Him, ris-en Saviour, In his white harvest fields



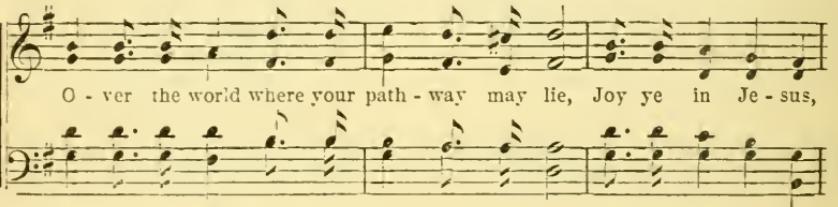
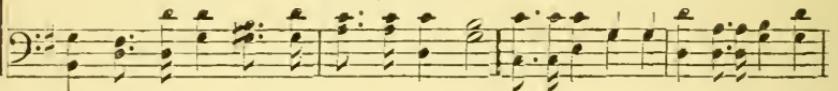
pathway may lie; Hosts of re-deemed ones ex-ult-ing-ly name Him,
 Highest come in! O-ver his chosen ones sway he re-sum-eth,
 work while'tis day; Run ye and faint not, rest sure in his fa-vor,

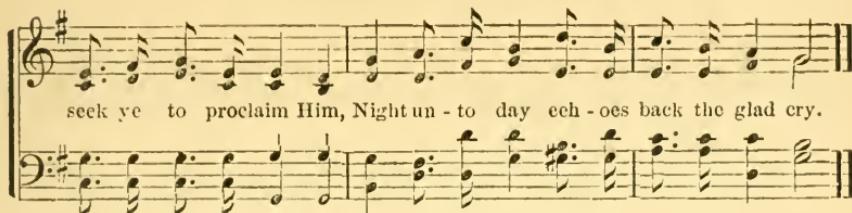


REFRAIN.



Night un-to day ech-oes back the glad-ery; }
 Death he has vanquished, is vic-tor o'er sin. }
 Doubt not His love is a-round you for aye. } Joy ye in Je-sus, joy ye in Je-sus,





Crusader's Hymn of the 12th Century.

"The One altogether lovely."

1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Ru - ler of all na - ture,
 2. Fair are the mead-ows, Fair - er still the wood-lands,
 3. Fair is the sun-shine, Fair - er still the moon-light,

O Thou of God and man the Son, Thee will I cher - ish,
 Robed in the bloom - ing garb of Spring: Je - sus is fair - er,
 And all the twink - ling, star - ry host: Je - sus shines brighter,

Thee will I hon - our, Thou, my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown.
 Je - sus is pur - er, Who makes the woe - ful heart to sing.
 Je - sus shines pur - er Than all the an - gels Heaven can boast.

Every Day and Hour.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Slowly.

"Cleanse me from my sin."

W. H. DOANE.

1. Saviour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;

2. Thro' this changing world be-low, Lead me genti-ly, gently, as I go;

Let Thy precious blood ap - plied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can - not stray, I can never, never lose my way.

REFRAIN.

Ev' - ry day, ev' - ry hour, Let me

Ev' - ry day and hour, ev' - ry day and hour,

feel Thy cleansing power; May Thy ten-der love to me Bind me

From "Brightest and Best," by per. BIGLOW & MAIN.

clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee.

3.

Let me love Thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above.
REF. Every day and hour, &c.

Lord, I Believe thee.

Words and music, JAMES R. MURRAY.

Joyfully.

1. Lord, I believe thee! yes, I believe thee, Je-sus my Savior, reign in my heart;

Now I receive thee! Now I receive thee! O may I nev-er from thee de-part.

2 Lord, I believe thee! Lord, I believe thee!

Doubting no longer, thee do I own,

Never to leave thee, never to grieve thee,

Help me to trust thee, trust thee alone.

3 Lord, I believe thee! Lord, I believe thee!

Men may deride me, tempests may roar;

Thou wilt protect me, thou wilt not leave me,

Thou wilt be with me forevermore.

The Precious Name.

"And blessed be His glorious name for ever."—Psa. 72: 19.

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe—
 2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev' - ry snare;
 3. Oh! the precious name of Je - sus; How it thrills our souls with joy,
 4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing prostrate at His feet,

It will joy and comfort give you, Take it then where'er you go.
 If temp - ta - tions 'round you gath - er, Breath that ho - ly name in pray'r.
 When His lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues em - ploy!
 King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour - ney is com - plete.

CHORUS.

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of
 Precious name, O how sweet!

heaven, Precious name, O how sweet— Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.

Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet,
 From "Pure Gold," by per. BIGLOW & MAIN.

Ho, Every One that Thirsteth.

19

DUET.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Be - side the well at noon-time, I hear a sad one say, "I want that
2. Be - side the pool Bethes - da, I hear a mournful cry, "No help, no
3. While seat - ed on the hillside, The hun - gry ones were fed By Him who

living water, Give me to drink, I pray. The well is deep, O pilgrim, But
hope is offered To one so weak as I." Oh, cease thy sad complaining, The
said most truly, "I am the liv - ing bread;" 'Tis He, the heav'nly manna, Who

deeper is my need; I thirst for life e- ter-nal, The 'Gift of God' indeed." The
gospel gives thee cheer; Come to the house of mercy, For Christ, the pool is here.
doth our souls re-store, By faith of Him partaking, We live for-ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Ho, ev' - ry one that thirsteth, The liv - ing wa - ter buy!
'Tis He the great phy - si - cian, Can cure the sin - sick soul,
Ho, ev' - ry one that thirsteth, The liv - ing wa - ter buy!

Ye bless - ed ones that hun - ger, Take, eat, and nev - er die.
"Rise up and walk," He bids thee, "Thy faith hath made thee whole."
Ye bless - ed ones that hun - ger, Take, eat, and nev - er die.

The Shadow of the Cross.

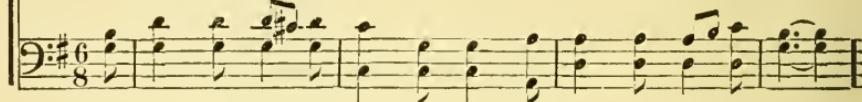
"No shade like this for me."

J. R. M.

Andantino.



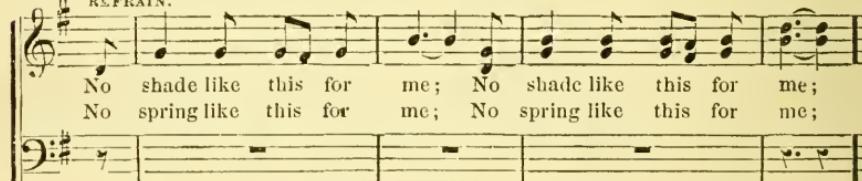
1. Oppressed with noon-day's scorching heat, To yon - der cross I flee;
 2. Be -neath the cross clear wa - ters burst, A fountain, sparkling, free;



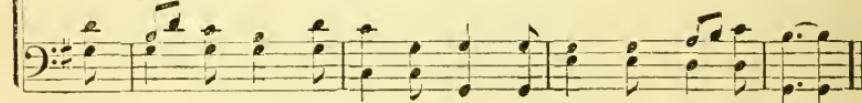
Be -neath its shel - ter take my seat; No shade like this for me!
 And there I quench my des -ert thirst; No spring like this for me!



REFRAIN.



No shade like this for me; No shade like this for me;
 No spring like this for me; No spring like this for me;



3 A stranger here I pitch my tent
 Beneath this spreading tree;
 Here shall my pilgrim life be spent:
 No home like this for me!
 No home like this, &c.

4 For burdened ones a resting place
 Beside that cross I see;
 I here cast off my weariness:
 No rest like this for me.
 No rest like this, &c.

Follow Me.

21

A little Christian boy of eight years, as he was dying, said to those about his bed: "I've been trying to walk in the footsteps of Jesus." This expression has in it one of the clearest descriptions of religion that could be given to a child.

Rev. W. F. CRAFTS.

D. F. E. AUBER.



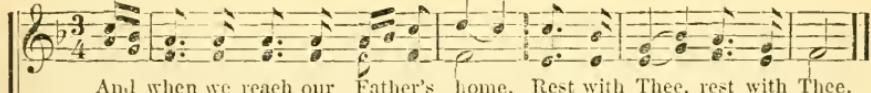
1. My heart has heard the Saviour say - ing, "Follow me, fol - low me."
2. The footsteps of my blessed Saviour, Mine shall be, mine shall be.
3. In heav'n at last, the Lamb that leads us We shall see, we shall see;



My sins I left, and Christ o - bey - ing, Bent the knee, bent the knee.
Like His my words, my whole be - hav - ior, All shall see, all shall see.
While with the heavenly joy he feeds us, Glad and free, glad and free!



Thou bid'st the lit - tie children come, Lest in the paths of sin we roam,
My heart be like the Saviour's mind, My words like His be ev - er kind,
The lambs that fol - low Him be - low, With Him thro' heav'ly fields shall go,



And when we reach our Father's home, Rest with Thee, rest with Thee.
Till in my soul I nothing find Un - like Thee, un - like Thee.
And all his wond'rous love He'll show Un - to me, un - to thee.



SOLO.

1. In seasons of grief to my God I'll re - pair, When my heart is o'er -
 2. When Sa - tan, my foe, cometh in like a flood, To drive my poor
 3. And when I have end - ed my pil - grim - age here, Clad in Je - sus' pure

whelm-ed with sor - row and care; From the ends of the earth un - to
 soul from the fountain of God, I will pray to my Saviour, who
 right-eousness let me ap-pear; In the swellings of Jor - dan, on

Thee will I cry, Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I.
 for me did die, Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I.
 Thee I'll re - ly, And look to the Rock that is high-er than I.

CHORUS.

Higher than I, higher than I, Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I.

Rest of the Weary, Saviour and Friend. 23

"And I will give you rest."

J. R. M.

Tenderly.



1. Rest of the weary, Joy of the sad, Hope of the dreary,
2. Pil - low where ly - ing, Love rests its head, Peace of the dy-ing,
3. When my feet stum-ble, To Thee I cry, Crown of the humble,
4. Ev - er con - fessing Thee, I will raise Un - to thee blessing,



Light of the glad; Home of the stranger, Strength to the end,
 Life of the dead; Path of the low - ly, Prize at the end,
 Cross of the high; When my steps wander, O - ver me bend,
 Glo - ry and praise, All my en - deav-or, World without end,



REFRAIN.

Re - fuge from dan - ger, Sa - viour and Friend. }
 Breath of the ho - ly, Sa - viour and Friend. } Rest of the weary,
 Tru - er and fond - er, Sa - viour and Friend. }
 Thine to be ev - er, Sa - viour and Friend. }



Rest of the weary, Rest of the weary, Sa - viour and Friend.



The Golden Harvest.

"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—Matt. xxi. 23.

ANNIE CUMMINGS.

Wm. W. BENTLEY, by per.

Cheerfully.

1. Wait-ing is the gold-en har-vest, Waiting is the gold-en grain,
 2. Tru-ly is the har-vest plenteous, But the la-bor-ers are few.
 3. Will the Mas-ter hold us guiltless, If the work be left un-done?
 4. Haste, oh, has-ten, will-ing work-ers, Swiftly speed the hours a-way;

While the Mas-ter calls for reap-ers From the hill-side and the plain?
 Pray ye that the Lord of har-vest Send forth workmen tried and true.
 If for lack of la-bor per-ish Precious souls we might have won.
 Hark-en to the Mas-ter's warning, "Work ye while 'tis called to-day."

REFRAIN.

Who is will-ing? who is read-y? Who will go and work to-day?

See the gold-en har-vest wait-ing. Who will bear the sheaves a-way?

Speak, speak for Jesus.

25

Words, ROBERT S. LINDSAY.

J. R. MURRAY.

1. Speak, speak for Je-sus, why do you fear? Lo! He is standing
 2. Speak, speak for Je-sus, why still de-lay? Do not, oh do not

gracious-ly near, Read-y to help you, ready to aid,
 grieve Him a-way. Why do you lin-ger? bid doubting end;

S. Speak; speak for Jesus, Be not a-fraid,

Fine.

Speak, speak for Je-sus, be not a-fraid. Does He not plead for you
 Speak, speak for Je-sus, He is thy Friend. Cast all your fears a-way,

S. Speak, speak for Jesus, Speak, He will aid.

D.S.

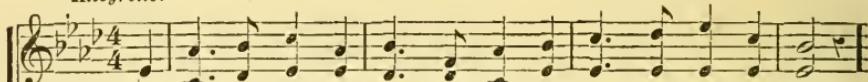
whene'er you stray, Does He not eare for you day un-to day?
 trust Him and stand, Read-y to speak for Him at His com-mand.

God in all things.

Words by WALLACE.

Allegretto.

L. MARSHALL.



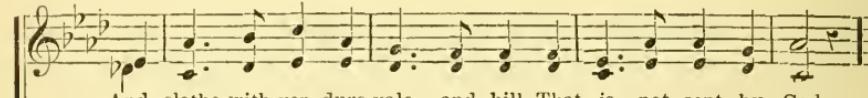
1. There's not a star whose twinkling light Illumes the dis-tant earth,
 2. There's not a place in earth's vast round, In o - cean deep, or air,



And cheers the sol-enn gloom of night, But mer - ey gave it birth;
 Where shill and wis-dom are not found, For God is ev - 'ry -where;



There's not a cloud whose dews dis - til Up - on the parching clod,
 Around, be -neath, be - low, a -bove, Wher-ev - er space extends,



And clothe with ver -dure vale and hill, That is not sent by God.
 There Heav'n displays its boundless love, And pow'r with mer -cy blends.



Why not give thy Heart to Jesus?

27

ROBERT S. LINDSEY.

J. R. MURRAY.

1. Why not, why not give thy heart to Jesus, Weary one oppressed with grief?
2. Why not, why not give thy heart to Jesus, In the sunshine of thy life?

While He's waiting, waiting to receive you, Trust Him, and find sweet relief.
Do not, do not wait till you are old - er, Come at once with all thy strife.

Sweet re - lief, re - lief from toil and sorrow, Which you never, never can receive,
Strife which here will never, nev-er leave you, Till you trust that loving, loving Friend,

Till you trust the bless- ed, blessed Sa - vior, And His precious Word be - lieve.
Come then, come then, east on Him your burdens, He will bear them to the end.

Consecration.

Rev. J. STRAUB.

S. W. STRAUB.

1. Shall peace on earth be wait - ing, Shall man with man con - tend,
 2. Shall pas - sion still be a - ble From truth to lead a - stray?
 3. Nay, on thine al - tar ho - ly, With un - re - serv - ed mind,

While Je - sus stands in - vit - ing The soul to love's blest end?
 Shall from the Lord's free ta - ble The hun - gry turn a - way?
 To Christ and God all glo - ry, Help us our hearts to bind.

CHORUS.

By love and sweet sub - mis - sion, The Mas - ter's voice o - obey;

Come, join the Heav'n-ly mis - sion, And watch and work and pray!

Jesus is mine.

29

Words, DR. BONAR.

J. R. M.*

"Whosoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of man confess before the angels of God."

1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy; Je-sus is mine! Break ev'-ry'
2. Tempt not my soul a-way; Je-sus is mine! Here would I

ten-der tie; Je-sus is mine! Je-sus a-lone can bless,
ev-er stay: Je-sus is mine! Per-ish-ing things of clay,

Dark is the wil-der-ness, Earth has no rest-ing place, Je-sus is mine.
Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a-way, Je-sus is mine.

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night;
Jesus is mine!
Lost in this dawning bright;
Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void,
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine.

4 Farewell, mortality;
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity;
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O Lord and blest,
Welcome, sweet seenes of rest,
Welcome, my Savior's breast,
Jesus is mine.

* From "Joyful Songs," by per. S. Brainard's Sons.

By-and-by.

"It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

Words by "NEANTHES."

J. R. M.



1. By and by, O fee - ble - hearted, By and by the storms will cease,
 2. Doth the way seem dark be - fore thee? Doth life's sky look dark and drear?



D.C. By and by, O fee - ble - hearted, By and by the storms will cease,

Fine.



And the fierce and wrathful tempest, Then will be e - ter - nal peace.

By and by those clouds will van-isch, Trusting wait, and nev - er fear.

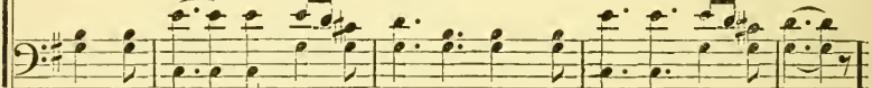


And the fierce and wrathful tempest, Then will be e - ter - nal peace.



By and by what bliss, what comfort, When life's pil-grim - age is o'er;

By and by that joy - ful summons, Christ shall send to call thee home;



D.C.



We shall dwell 'mid joys su - per - nal, In that blest for - ev - er - more.
 'Mid life's sor-rows sweetly sound-ing, Rise, my wea - ry child, and come.



More Love to Thee.

31

Mrs. ELIZABETH P. PRENTISS, 1869.

E. S. LORENZ, by per.

1. More love to thee, O Christ, More love to thee;
 2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest;
 3. Let sor - row do its work, Send grief and pain;
 4. Then shall my la - test breath Whis - per thy praise;

Hear thou the prayer I make, On bend - ed knee;
 Now thee a - lone I seek, Give what is best;
 Sweet are thy mes - sen - gers, Sweet their re - train,
 This be the part - ing cry My heart shall raise,—

This is my ear - nest plea,— More love, O Christ! to thee,
 This all my prayer shall be,— More love, O Christ! to thee,
 When they can sing with me,— More love, O Christ! to thee,
 This still its prayer shall be,— More love, O Christ! to thee,

More love to thee! More love to thee!

Christ bears the heavy end.

An aged Christian, whose life had been one of toil and privation, was asked if her cross ~~was~~ not sometimes hard to bear. She beautifully replied, "Christ always ~~carries~~ bears the heavy end."

Words, R. E. L.

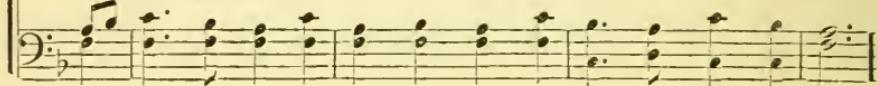
J. H. TENNEY.



1. O wea-ry was the load I bore, Dark seem'd the way, and without end;
 2. O trav'ler in life's toilsome way, Does not the sim-ple message blend



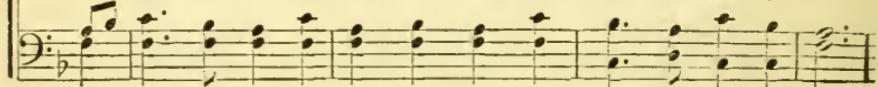
No lon-ger am I sad and sore, "Christ bears the heav-y end."
 The grace and truth of sa-cred lay? "Christ bears the heav-y end."



I nev-er mind the bur-den now, No more be-neath its weight I bend,
 Does not all sor-row grow more bright, Shared with our kind, our heav'ly Friend?



But joy - ful to the cross I bow, "Christ bears the heav-y end."
 From out the shadow comes forth light, "Christ bears the heav-y end."



REFRAIN.

"Christ bears the heavy end, Christ bears the heavy end," But

joy - ful to the cross I bow, "Christ bears the heavy end."

Jesus, meek and gentle.

J. R. M.

Prayerfully.

1. Je-sus, meek and gentle, Son of God on high, Pitying, lov-ing Savior, Hear thy children's cry. 2. Lead us on our journey, Be thy-self the way, Thro' ter-res-trial darkness, To ce - les-tial day.

Pardon our of- fenc-es, Je-sus, meek and gentle,

Loose our captive chains, Break down every i-dol Which our soul detains.
Son of God most high, Pitying, loving Savior, Hear thy children's cry.

Jesus, I love thee.

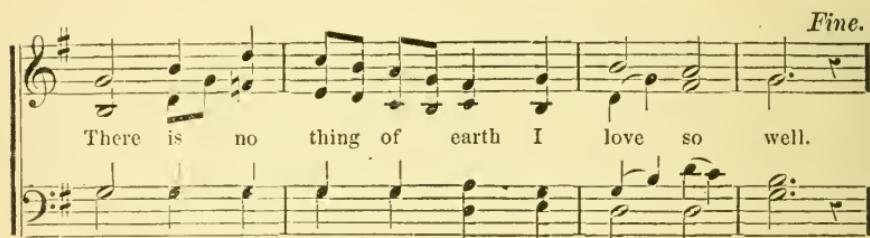
Words and music, JAMES R. MURRAY.

Can you sing it truthfully?

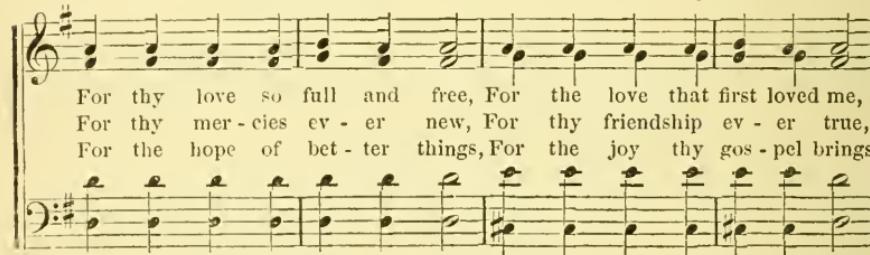


1, 2, 3. Je - sus, I love Thee Bet - ter than tongue can tell;

Fine.

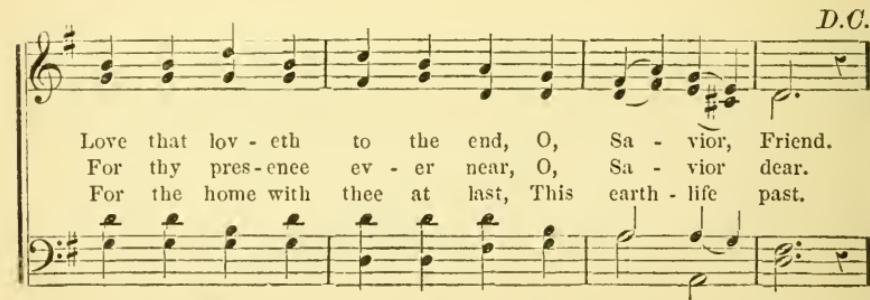


There is no thing of earth I love so well.



For thy love so full and free, For the love that first loved me,
 For thy mer - cies ev - er new, For thy friendship ev - er true,
 For the hope of bet - ter things, For the joy thy gos - pel brings,

D.C.



Love that lov - eth to the end, O, Sa - vior, Friend.
 For thy pres-enee ev - er near, O, Sa - vior dear.
 For the home with thee at last, This earth - life past.

The Gentle Call.

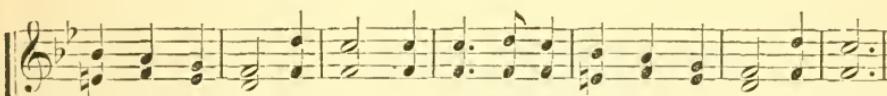
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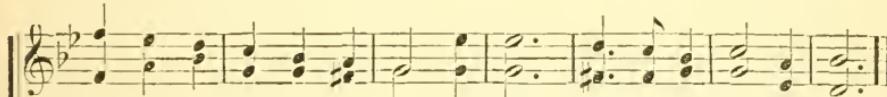
1. Thou hast heard, be - lov - ed, that gen - tle call, Speaking to
 2. Hast thou answered, be - lov - ed, that gen - tle call, Grate - ful - ly
 3. Tell me now, oh,* tell, is thy trust - ing eye Turned to the



thee as it speaks to all, "Come to the Saviour now." Come in the
 yielding thy life, thy all, To him who lov - eth now? Wait not the
 cross of Cal - va - ry, Looking to Je - sus now? Wait-ing not



freshness of life's young spring, While early af - fections are blos-som-ing;
 while till the day draws on, Till most of its gold - en hours are gone,
 till the sins of years Bur-den thy spir - it with doubts and fears,



These as thy trib - nte to Je - sus bring, "Come to the Saviour now."
 Stay not till la - bor on earth is done— Live to the Saviour now.
 Now, while the promise so nigh ap - pears— Look to the Saviour now!



Joyfully.



1. There was joy in heaven! There was joy in heaven! When this goodly
 2. There was joy in heaven! There was joy in heaven! When of love the
 3. There is joy in heaven! There is joy in heaven! When the sheep that



world to frame, The Lord of might and mer - ey came:
 mid - night beam Dawned on the towers of Beth - le - hem,
 went a - stray Re - turns in love and vir - tue's way:



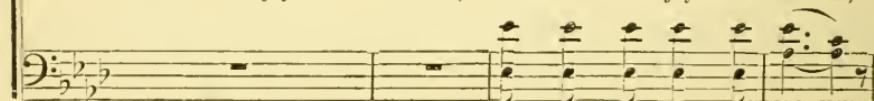
Shouts of joy were heard on high, And the stars sang from the sky—
 And a - long the echo-ing hill An-gels sung "on earth good will."
 When the soul by grace sub-dued, Sobs its prayer of grat - i - tude.



RERAIN.



1 & 2. "Glo - ry to God in Heaven, Glo - ry to God in Heaven,
 3. Then there is joy in Heaven, Then there is joy in Heaven,



Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God in heaven.
Then there is joy. Then there is joy, Then there is joy in heaven.

Christ the Consoler.

Words by ST. STEPHEN, a nephew of John of Damasius, died about 794.

Translated by Dr. NEALE.

QUESTION.

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou languid, Art thou sore dis - tress?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my guide?
3. Hath He di - a - dem as Monarch That His brow a - dorns?

ANSWER.

“Come to me,” saith One, “and com - ing, Be at rest!”
“In His feet and hands are wound prints, And His side.”
“Yes, a Crown, in ver - y sure - ty, But of thorns.”

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
“Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear.”

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
“Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past.”

6 If I ask Him to reeeive me,
Will He say me nay?
“Not till Earth, and not till Heaven
Pass away.”

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling
Is He sure to bless?
“Prophets, saints, apostles, martyrs,
Answer, ‘Yes.’”

M. A. W.

E. S. LORENZ, by per.

1. Lord, weak and im - po-tent I stand, As fet- tered by an un-seen hand;
 2. In vain I struggle to be free; I would, but can-not, fly to thee;
 3. Oh, bring me near-er, near-er still, That thine own peace my soul may fill,
 4. Here, Lord, I would for-ev-er bide, And nev-er wan-der from thy side:

Break thou the strong and sub - tie band, And draw me close to thee.
 Ope thou the pris-on door for me, And draw me close to thee.
 And I may rest in thy sweet will; Lord, draw me close to thee.
 Beneath thy wings do thou me hide, And draw me close to thee.

CHORUS.

Draw me close to thee, Sa-vior, Draw me close to thee;
 close to thee, Sa-vior, close to thee;

Beneath thy wing do thou me hide, And draw me close to thee.

Any-where with Jesus.

39

J. R. M.

1. A - ny lit - tle corner, Lord, In thy vineyard wide, Where thou bid'st me
 2. Where we pitch our nightly tent, Sure-ly mat - ters not, If the day for
 3. In the wil - der-ness a - lone, Let us keep our sight On the pil - lared

work for thee, There would I a - bide; Mir - a - cle of sav-ing grace,
 thee is spent, Bless-ed is the spot. Qui - et - ly the tent we fold,
 cloud by day, Pillared flame by night. Then the heart will find a home,

REFRAIN.

That thou giv - est me a placee. }
 Shel-tered from the storm and cold. } A - ny-where, a - ny-where,
 Whereso - e'er the feet may roam. }

Any-where with Jesus! Any-where, a - ny-where, any-where with Jesns!

Wake the Anthem wild and free.

"Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord."

From the "Watchword," by per.

J. A. BROAD.

1. Wake the an - them wild and free, Chil - dren of the Heav'ly King!
 2. Wake the strain, still loud - er sing, Field and for - est, wood and vale!
 3. Hark, the e - cho, far and wide, In - fant voi - ces catch the sound;
 4. Nev - er can thy prais - es cease, Nev - er shall thy glo - ry wane;

Lo! the earth with verdure crown'd, Brings to Him its of - fer - ing.
 Let your joy - ous prais - es rise, Hail the King of Glo - ry! hail!
 Dis - tant na - tions shout the glee, Prais - es ring the earth a - round,
 Bright - er through e - ter - ni - ty, Be thy blest and glorious reign.

CHORUS.

Wake the strain, Wake the strain, Let it sound o'er earth and main;

Wake the strain, wake the strain, Let it sound o'er earth and main.

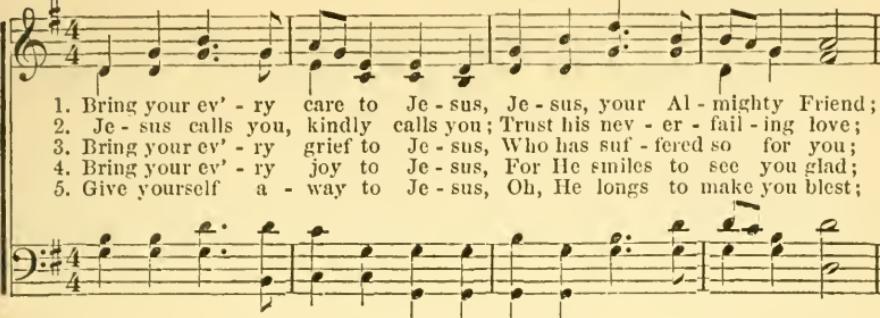
Jesus loves you.

41

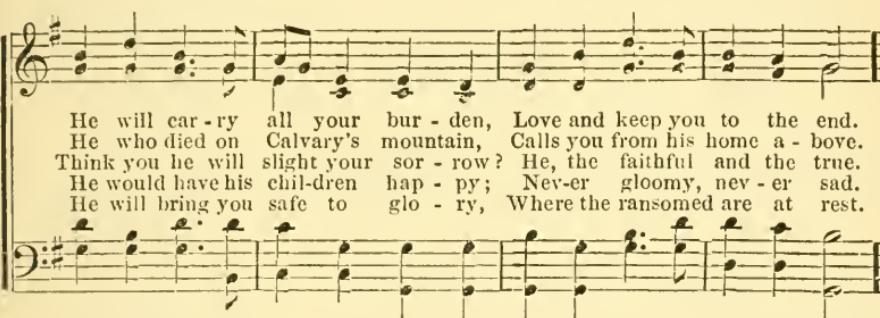
HELEN L. SMITH.

J. M. KIEFFER.

From "Pure Diamonds," by per. S. Brainard's Sons.



1. Bring your ev' - ry care to Je - sus, Je - sus, your Al - mighty Friend;
2. Je - sus calls you, kindly calls you; Trust his nev - er - fail - ing love;
3. Bring your ev' - ry grief to Je - sus, Who has suf - fered so for you;
4. Bring your ev' - ry joy to Je - sus, For He smiles to see you glad;
5. Give yourself a - way to Je - sus, Oh, He longs to make you blest;

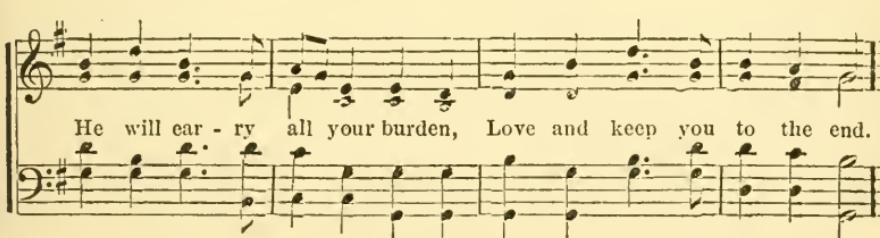


He will ear - ry all your bur - den, Love and keep you to the end.
He who died on Calvary's mountain, Calls you from his home a - bove.
Think you he will slight your sor - row? He, the faithful and the true.
He would have his chil - dren hap - py; Ne - ver gloomy, nev - er sad.
He will bring you safe to glo - ry, Where the ransomed are at rest.

CHORUS.



Je - su loves you, Je - sus loves you, Je - sus, your Al - mighty Friend;



He will ear - ry all your burden, Love and keep you to the end.

Will you meet me There? *

Joyfully, but not too fast.

Words and music, JAMES R. MURRAY.

D.C. 1. All is light and beauty on the oth - er side, the oth - er side
 2. All is peace and plenty on the oth - er side, the oth - er side,
 3. Lov - ing voi - ces call us from the oth - er side, the oth - er side,

the oth - er side, All is joy and gladness on the oth - er side,
 the oth - er side, Glo - ry, hon - or, blessing on the oth - er side,
 the oth - er side, Many mansions wait us on the oth - er side,

Fine.

Will you meet me, meet me there? No sor - row there, no
 Will you meet me, meet me there? No gloom is there, no
 Will you meet me, meet me there? O life of pure, un-

pain, no tears, No brood - ing care, no death, no fears, But
 darksome night, The Lamb Him - self is Heaven's own light, "The
 end - ing love! O song the an - gels sing a - bove! In

D.C.

joy thro' all the im-end-ing years Of Heaven, my home, sweet home, yes,
 Worthy" walk with Him in white, In Heaven, my home, sweet home, yes,
 God's good time your joys I'll prove In Heaven, my home, sweet home, yes,

For He careth for you.

Words, F. A. BENSON.

*

1. God's ten - der care for those he loves Sur - pass - es all ma -
 2. He's not a god of wood or stone, Ex - alt - ed high by
 3. What tho' af - flict - ed and de-spised, Tho' earth's proud ones dis -
 4. The Lord re-mem-bers all his saints, Nor will he suf - fer

ter - nal thought; His heart with quick com-pas - sion moves To
 heathen power; But he is near the con - trite one, His
 dain to nod, This bless - ed tho't is re - al - ised: We're
 one to fall; The sweet - est tho't, 'mid all our 'plaints Is,

rescue those whom Christ has bought, To rescue those whom Christ has bought.
 hand sup - ports him ev' - ry hour, His hand supports him ev' - ry hour.
 not for - got - ten by our God, We're not for - got - ten by our God.
 "that he car - eth for us all," Is, "that he car - eth for us all."

Jesus, nearer to thy side.

Words, LAVADO.

Music, GEORGE F. WILSON.

Moderato.

1. Je - sus, near-er to thy side, Near- er al - ways to a - bide,
 2. Je - sus, o - pen wide thine arms, Safe re - treat from all a - lar-ms;
 3. Je - sus, more thy - self to know, More my - self like thee to grow,

Soft - ly thou art call - ing me, Gent - ly draw - ing me to thee;
 Weak and sore in ev - 'ry part, See, I seek thy lov - ing heart;
 More thy beau - ty now to see, More at - tract - ed by it be;

Espress. Cresc.

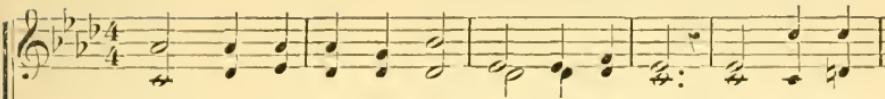
Darkness gath - ers thick a - round, Heavy are my bur - dens found;
 Clasped within thy sweet em - brace, Gazing on thy smil - ing face,
 This my strong and warm de - sire, This the glowing, sa - cred fire,

Close - ly hedged, no path I see, I for re - fuge fly to Thee.
 More of bliss shall here be - gin, Peace and joy shall dwell therein.
 Less of earth and less of sin, More of heaven, to en - ter in.

Now I have found a Friend.

45

ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, London, Eng.



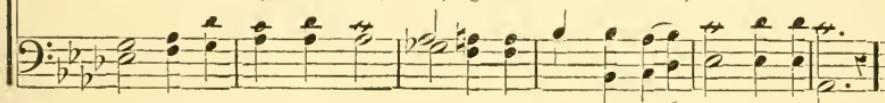
1. Now I have found a friend, Je - sus is mine; His love shall
 2. Though I grow poor and old, Je - sus is mine; Though I grow
 3. When death is sent to me, Je - sus is mine; Welcome e -



nev - er end, Je - sus is mine; Though earth -ly joys de - crease,
 faint and cold, Je - sus is mine; He shall my wants sup - ply,
 ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine; He my re - demp - tion is,



Tho' earthly friendships cease, Now I have last -ing peacee, Je - sus is mine.
 His precious blood is nigh, Nought can my hope destroy, Je - sus is mine.
 Wisdom and righteousness, Life, light and ho - li - ness, Je - sus is mine.



4 When earth shall pass away,
 Jesus is mine;
 In the great judgment day,
 Jesus is mine.
 Oh! what a glorious thing
 Then to behold my King,—
 With tuneful harp to sing,
 Jesus is mine.

5 Father, thy name I bless,
 Jesus is mine;
 Thine was the sovereign grace,
 Praise shall be thine.
 Spirit of holiness,
 Sealing the Father's grace,
 Thou mad'st my soul embrace
 Jesus as mine.

Loving-Kindness.

1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re -
 2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me, not - with -

deem - er's praise; He just - ly claims a song from me;
 stand - ing all; He saved me from my lost es - tate;

His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how free! His lov - ing kindness,
 His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how great, His lov - ing kindness,

lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how free!
 lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how great!

3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
 Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
 He near my soul has always stood:
 His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale:
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail:
 Oh, niry my last expiring breath
 His loving-kindness sing in death!

Speed thou on, Happy Day.

47

J. A. BROAD.

"For they shall all know me, from the least unto the greatest, saith the Lord."

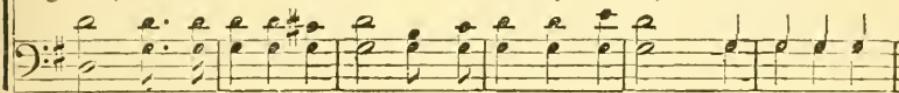
With majesty.



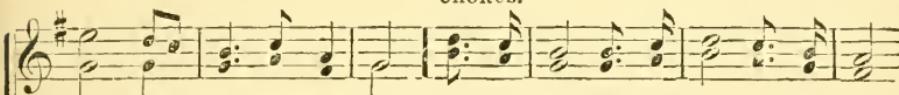
1. Speed thou on, happy day, When to Je-sus' glad sway All na-tions shall
2. Speed thou on, happy day, When the sun's glorious ray Shall seat-ter earth's



bend; When salvation's glad sound Thro' the earth shall resound, And Satan's pow'r
gloom; When the ocean's loud roar Shall waft to yon shore, "The Re-deemer has



CHORUS.



rend, And Sa-tan's pow'r rend. Speed thou on, speed thou on, hap-py day,
come, The Re-deem-er has come." Speed thou on, speed thou on, hap-py day,



hap-py day, Speed thou on, speed thou on, hap-py day, hap-py day.



Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

JAMES R. MURRAY.

1. The mu - sic of Heav-en is sweeter in measure, And pur - er in
 2. The mu - sic of Heav-en is grander in rhyming, Than an - y that
 3. The mu - sie of Heav-en, no mortal can sing it, Save he who at -

ev - er - y strain Than the mu - sie of earth, tho' it fills us with
 mortal e'er toned, And the mansions of glo - ry for - ev - er are
 tunes his poor soul At the throne of the Fa - ther, to swell and to

pleasure, As it thrill - ing - ly rolls o - ver val - ley and plain.
 chiming With the songs that a - rise to the Saviour enthroned.
 ring it, With the an - gels to make it thro' Par - a - dise roll.

REFRAIN.

O mu - - sic of Heav - - en, so rich and so sweet, O

O music of Heaven, O music of Heaven, so rich and so sweet, so sweet, O

joy that it brings us, so full and complete.

joy that it brings us, O joy that it brings us, so full and complete, complete.

“I stand at the Door.”

J. TRAVISS LOCKWOOD.

G. F. Root.

1 { On the threshold lo! there standeth One whose voice we've heard before ;
 { And He pa-tient - ly de-mand-eth Entrance at the clos-ed door.

Guilty sinner, let me in! I have come to cleanse your sin.

2 Hark! how tenderly He's pleading,
 “I am standing at the door;”
 Whilst the sinner, still unheeding,
 Keeps it barred as heretofore.
 But the sceptered kingly hand
 Still an entrance doth demand.

3 'Tis the Saviour, long rejected,
 Wakes the echoes of the heart ;
 'Tis his voice, so long neglected,
 Bids our evil guests depart ;
 And himself our guest would stay,
 Keeping evil foes away.

4 O, behold his side so pierced,
 Wounded hands and feet and brow :
 By his wounds from sin released,
 We may hail him Savior now ;
 Coming, he would give us rest,
 All by him so long unblest.

5 Come thou in ! no longer standing
 Knocking at our heedless heart ;
 Come, and all our soul commanding,
 Never more from thence depart.
 Be our guest and be our Lord,
 Crown and joy and great reward.

In Heavenly Love abiding.

"I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."



1. In heav'nly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;
2. Wherev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me baek;
3. Green pastures are be - fore me, Whieh yet I have not seen;



And safe is such eon - fid - ing, For noth . ing chan - ges here.
 My Shep - herd is be - side me, And noth - ing can I lack.
 Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where the dark clouds have been.



The storm may roar with - out me, My head may low be laid;
 His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim;
 My hope I can - not meas-ure, My path to life is free,



But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis-mayed?
 He knows the way he tak - eth, And I will walk with Him.
 My Sa - vior has my treas-ure, And He will walk with me.



Memories of the Past. 8s & 7s. Double.

51

ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

Words, SAM'L BURNHAM.

L. MARSHALL.

Andante.

A musical score for a solo voice and piano. The vocal line is in soprano C-clef, common time, with a key signature of three sharps. The piano accompaniment is in bass F-clef, common time, with a key signature of one sharp. The vocal part consists of a series of eighth-note chords and sustained notes, while the piano part provides harmonic support with sustained notes and eighth-note chords.

1. Mem'ries of the past come swelling O'er the graves of by - gone years;
2. Many a loved one fond - ly cherished, Calm - ly in the church - yard sleeps;
3. Yet we feel that, hov'ring near us, Spir - its of the saint - ed dead,
4. Bless to us past mer-eies giv - en, Bless to us this fes - tal day;

A musical score for a bassoon part. The score is in 3/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bassoon plays a continuous melodic line consisting of eighth and sixteenth notes, primarily on the B, A, G, and F# notes of the bassoon's range. Harmonic support is provided by sustained notes on the B and A strings, often occurring on the downbeat of each measure. The bassoon's line begins on the B string and moves to the A string around measure 10. The harmonic notes are typically sustained on the B string.

A musical score for 'The Star-Spangled Banner' in G major and common time. The vocal line is in soprano C-clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass F-clef. The vocal part consists of a single melodic line with eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The piano part provides harmonic support with sustained notes and eighth-note chords.

Scenes of joy and sor - row tell - ing, Sun and shad -ow, smiles and tears.
Many an or - ange flow'r has perish'd, Many a wil - low sad - ly weeps,
From the dim past come to cheer us, With their guardian wings outspread.
Point us all the road to heav - en, Lead us in the shin-ing way.

10

p

Mer - ry shouts of joy and glad - ness Ring out from the shadowy past,
Many a voice has ceased its sing - ing, But in brighter, fair - er skies,
Thus do mem - o - ries come press-ing On the track of by - gone years,
Just be - yond death's narrow riv - er, Heav'n's own glories us shine,

While the mournful tones of
Where Heay'n's harmo-nies are
And though sorrow came with
Fa - ther, grant that there, for
sad-ness Wail like winter's shiv'ring blast.
ring-ing, Joins that song that nev-er dies.
blessing, Smiles are glist'ning thro' the tears.
- ev-er, We shall sing of love di-vine.

Words, PAULINA.
Joyfully.J. R. MURRAY.
From "Pure Diamonds," by per.

1. O soul! come to the Mer-cy - seat! O lips! sing of the way!
 2. List! He call-eth so lov-ing - ly, "My son, give me thine heart;"
 3. Toil! trust! love, for He lov-eth thee, Watch, wait, pray to the end;
 D.C. O soul! come to the Mer-cy - seat! O lips! sing of the way!

Fine.

O feet! fol - low the Blessed One Up to the Gates of Day.
 Then, like Ma - ry of Beth-a - ny, Choose we the bet - ter part.
 Then, He, smiling ap - prov-ing - ly, Will be thy Sa - vior-Friend.
 O feet! fol - low the Blessed One Up to the Gates of Day.

God's love is ev - er o'er us, His an - gels go be - fore us,

D.C.

Our foot-steps gently guiding A - long the heavenly way. Then,

I have strayed away from Jesus.

53

Words, FRANCES L. KEELER.

W. F. HEATH.



1. I have strayed a - way from Je - sus, But my heart has been all
2. I have strayed a - way from Je - sus, Long a - go I left His



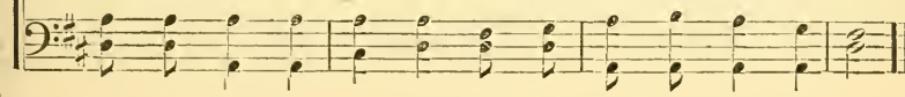
 pain; Since of Him I've been re - gard-less Last - ing joys I've sought in
 fold, And I've found earth's dearest treasures Worthless baubles, false and



vain. I have strayed from Je-sus, I have wandered on in sin; I have
cold. I have strayed from Je-sus, Till my soul is dark with stain; He will



left the shin - ing path - way But I'm go - ing back a - gain,
wash a - way each guilt - spot, And I'm go - ing back a - gain.



Sinking out of Self.

"Crucified with Christ."—Gal. 2, 20.

Rev. W. F. CRAFTS.

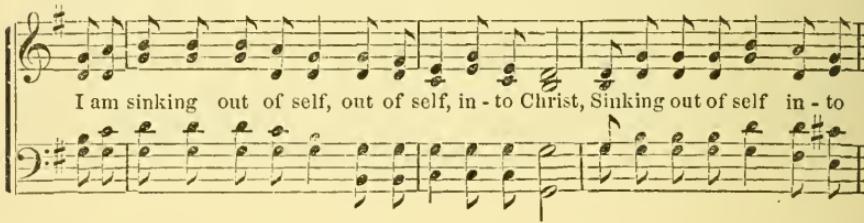
Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.



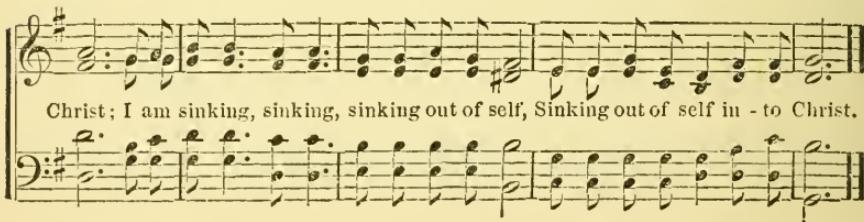
1. Now cru - ci - fied with Christ I am, The self with-in is slain;
 2. Dead to the world and sin I am, A - live to God a - lone;
 3. The throne of self with - in my heart The King of saints doth fill;
 4. Here-af - ter "it is no more I" Nor "sin" that ruleth me;



But still I live, and yet not I—Christ lives in me a - gain.
 The life I have I live by faith In God's be - lov - ed Son.
 My spir - it crowns Him Lord of all, And waits to do His will.
 Reign, reign for - ev - er, bless - ed Christ, My all I give to Thee.



I am sinking out of self, out of self, in - to Christ, Sinking out of self in - to



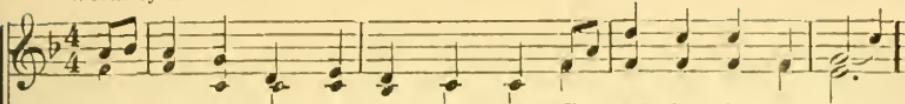
Christ; I am sinking, sinking, sinking out of self, Sinking out of self in - to Christ.

The Heavenly Recompense.

55

Words by H. BONAR.

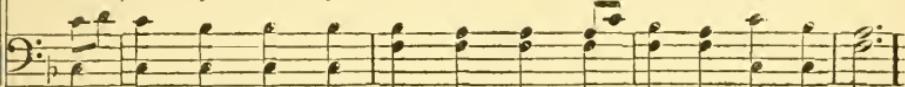
J. R. M.



1. These are the crowns that we shall wear When all the saints are crowned;
2. These are the robes unsoled and white, Which we shall then put on,
3. That is the ci - ty of the saints, Where we so soon shall stand;
4. Come, crown and throne, come robe and palm; Burst forth, glad stream of peace!



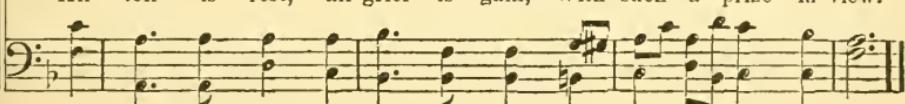
These are the palms that we shall bear On yonder ho - ly ground.
When first a - mong the sons of light, We sit on yon-der throne,
When we shall strike these des - ert tents And quit this des-ert land.
Come, ho - ly ei - ty of the Lamb! Rise, Sun of righteousness.



CHORUS.
Then welcome toil and eare and pain, And weleome sor - row too!



All toil is rest, all grief is gain, With such a prize in view.



In the Bright Days to come.

COMPANION TO "THE SWEET BY-AND-BY."

By per. CORY BROS., Providence, R. I.

CHAS. D. BLAKE.

1. There's a
2. 'Tis the
3. From that

land that is fair-er than this, Where the tri - als of life nev-er come; Where the
land where the lilies so fair, In their rar - est per-fec-tion un-fold; Pur - est
land which the poets call heav'n, Bright and shining-rob'd angels look down; And for

beau - ti - ful spir-its of bliss Bow their wings to bear poor mortals home.
li - lies with perfume like myrrh, And with pet-als of jas - per and gold.
us enchant the sweet promise giv'n, "It is wearing the cross wins the crown."

IN THE BRIGHT DAYS TO COME, Concluded.

57

CHORUS.

Soprano and Alto.

In the bright days to come, In the bright days to come, We shall
 Tenor and Bass. Days to come, Days to come, We shall

Days to come, Days to come, We shall

meet in that beau - ti - ful land, In the bright days to come, In the
 meet in that beau - ti - ful land, We shall meet. Days to come,

bright days to come, We shall meet in that beau - ti - ful land.

Days to come, We shall meet in that beau - ti - ful land.

Marcato.

H. P. DANKS.

mf

1. Come, let us sing of Je - sus, While hearts and ac - cents blend;
 2. We love to sing of Je - sus, Who wept our path a - long;
 3. We love to sing of Je - sus, Who died our souls to save:
 4. Then let us sing of Je - sus, While yet on earth we stay,

Come, let us sing of Je - sus, The sin - ner's on - ly Friend:
 We love to sing of Je - sus, The tempt-ed and the strong:
 We love to sing of Je - sus, Tri - umphant o'er the grave;
 And hope to sing of Je - sus Throughout e - ter - nal day;

His ho - ly soul re - joi - ces A - mid the choirs a - bove,
 None who be - sought his heal - ing, He pass'd un - heed - ed by;
 And in our hour of dan - ger We'll trust his love a - lone,
 For those who here con - fess him, He will in heav'n con - fess;

To hear our youth-ful voi - ces Ex - ult - ing in his love.
 And still re - tains his feel - ing For us a - bove the sky.
 Who once slept in a man - ger, And now sits on the throne.
 And faith - ful hearts that bless him, He will for - ev - er bless.

Children of Jerusalem.

59

H. P. DANKS.

Bold.

1. Chil - dren of Je - rn - sa - lem Sung the praise of
 2. We have of - ten heard and read What the roy - al
 3. We are taught to love the Lord, We are taught to
 4. Pa - rents, teach - ers, old and young, All u - nite to

Je - sus' name: Chil - dren, too, of la - ter days, Join to sing the
 Psalmist said: Babes, and suck-lings' art - less lays Shall proclaim the
 read His word, We are taught the way to heav'n, Praise to God for
 swell the song: High - er and yet high - er rise, Till ho - san - nas

Sa-viour's praise. { Sa-viour's praise. Hark! hark! hark! While in - fant voi - ces
 all be given. } reach the skies.

sing, Loud ho - san - nas to our King.

Words and music, JAMES R. MURRAY.

Joyfully.

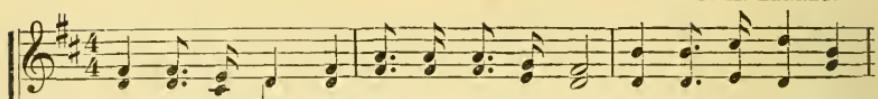
96 88

A - ble to save! yes, a - ble to save; Save to the ut - ter - most,

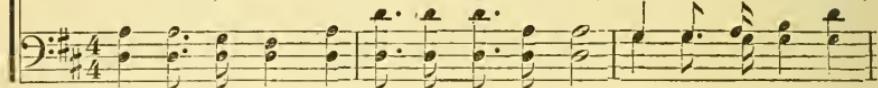
Save to the ut - ter - most, A - ble to save, yes, a - ble to save,

Save to the ut - ter - most, all who will come. 1. Come to the Mighty One,
2. Sinking in sin as in

trust in His power, He is a Re - fuge, a For - tress, a Tower,
waves of the sea, Bound in the toils of it though we may be,



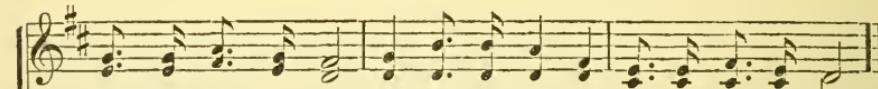
1. Long did I toil and know no earthly rest; Far did I roam and
 2. Whate'er may change, in Him no change is seen; A glo- rious Sun that
 3. He stays me fall - ing, lifts me up when down, Reclaims me wand'ring,
 4. While here, a - las! I know but half His love, But half dis - cern Him,



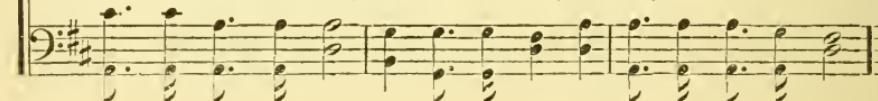
found no earthly home; At last I sought them in his shelt'ring breast,
 wanes not nor de-clines; A - bove the clouds and storms He walks se - rene,
 guards from ev - ry foe; Plants on my worthless brow the vic-tor's crown,
 and but half a - dore; But when I meet Him in the realms a - bove,



Who opes his arms and bids the wea - ry come; With Him I found a
 And sweetly on His peo - ple's darkness shines; All may de - part, I
 Which, in re - turn, be - fore His feet I throw; Griev'd that I can - not
 I hope to love Him bet - ter, praise Him more; And feel, and tell, a -



home, a rest di - vine, And I, since then, am His, and He is mine.
 grieve not, nor re - pine, Content while I am His, and He is mine.
 bet - ter grace his shrine, Who deigns to own me His, as He is mine.
 mid the choir dl - vine, How I am His, am His, as He is mine.



Save from Sin.

63

LUCIA G. MERRILL.

Earnestly.

1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, hear my cry; Ho - ly Sa - vior, bend thine ear;
2. Fa - ther, save me from my sin; Sa - vior, I thy mer - cy crave:
3. Fa - ther, let me taste thy love; Sa - vior, fill my soul with peace;

Ho - ly Spir - it, come thou nigh; Fa - ther, Sa - vior, Spir - it, hear!
Gra - cious Spir - it, make me clean, Fa - ther, Son and Spir - it, save!
Spir - it, come my heart to move; Fa - ther, Son and Spir - it, bless!

Fa - ther save, save from sin, Save me, Fa - ther, save me,

Save from sin, Fa - ther save, Save me, Fa - ther, save me.

Save from sin, Fa - ther save, Save me, Fa - ther, save me.

Words, Rev. B. M. ADAMS.

E. T. COFFIN. [Newly arranged.]

1. Sad and wea - ry with my long - ing, Filled with shame because of sin;
 2. O the joy of knowing Je - sus, It is dawning on my soul;
 3. O re - fine me by thy Spir - it, Make my earth-ly life sub-lime,

As I am in con - scious weakness, Here I would sal - va - tion win.
 I am find - ing His sal - va - tion, And the power that makes me whole.
 With my heart a home for Je - sus Till I'm done with earth and time.

CHORUS.

All I have I leave for Je - sus, I am counting it but dross,

I am com - ing to the Mas - ter, I am elinging to the cross;

Cling - ing, cling - ing, cling - ing to the cross.

Still with Thee.

Miss MARY GRAY.

Earnestly.

1. Still with thee, O my God, I would de - sire to be, By

day, by night, at home, a - broad, I would be still with Thee.

2 With thee when dawn comes in,

And calls me back to care,

Each day returning to begin,

With thee, my God, in prayer.

3 With thee, in thee, by faith

Abiding I would be ;

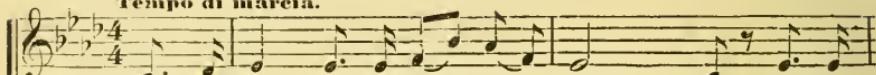
By day, by night, in life, in death,

I would be still with thee.

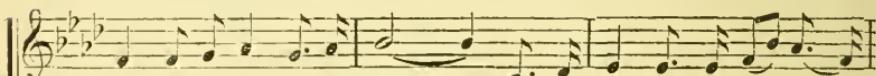
By per. WM. A. POND & Co., N. Y.

Tempo di marcia.

CHAS. D. BLAKE.



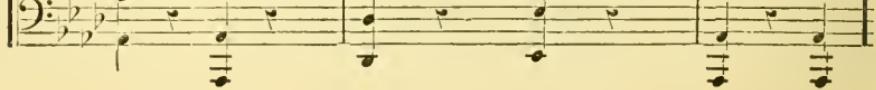
1. There's a beau - ti - ful shin - ing riv - er, And the
 2. On the shore of that beau - ti - ful riv - er There's a
 3. There the light of a day nev - er end - ing Gleams for



wea - ry may rest on its shore; For the face of the glo - ri - ous
 Ci - ty of peace and of rest; On its pavements of gold ev - er
 you from that beauti - ful shore; And bright ser - aphys, their pinions ex -



Giv - er Lights the way for their souls cross - ing o'er.
 quiv - er The bright smiles of the ran - somed and blest.
 - tend - ing, Breathe a wel - come for souls cross - ing o'er.



ON THE SHORES OF THAT BEAUTIFUL RIVER, Concluded. 67

CHORUS.

Soprano.

f On the shores of that beau - ti - ful riv - er, Meet me

there, meet me there, On the shores of that beau - ti - ful

Meet me there, meet me there, On the shores of that beau - ti - ful

Alto.

Tenor and Bass.

riv - er Meet me there, meet me there, meet me there.

The Ninety and Nine.

Words, ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE.

Music, IRA D. SANKEY.

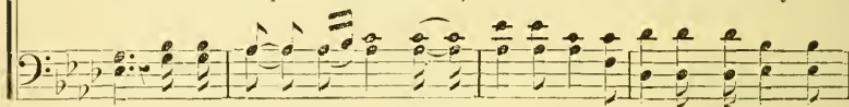
Arr. by J. P. WESTON.



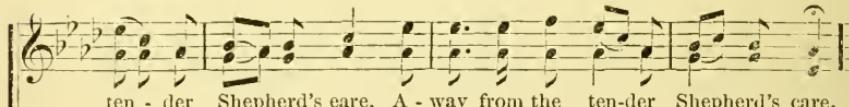
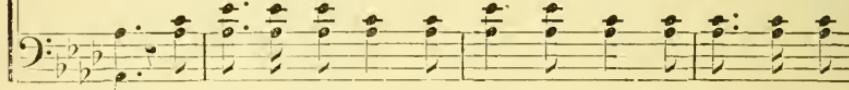
1. There were Ninety and nine that safe - ly lay In the shelter of the
 2. Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine, Are they not enough for



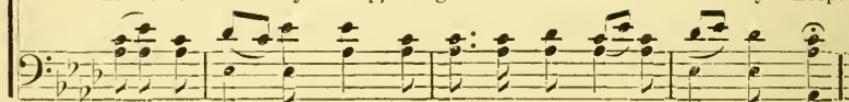
fold; But one was out on the hills a-way, Far off from the gates of
 thee? But the Shepherd made an-swer, "this of mine Has wander'd away from



gold. A-way on the mountains wild and bare, A-way from the
 me. And although the road be rough and steep, I go to the



ten - der Shepherd's care, A-way from the ten-der Shepherd's care.
 desert to find my sheep, I go to the desert to find my sheep."



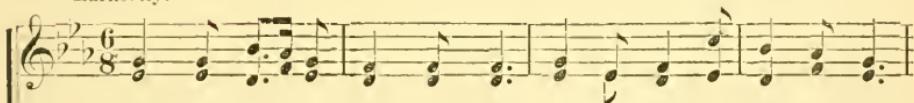
3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
 How deep were the waters crossed,
 Now how dark was the night that the Lord pass'd through,
 Ere he found his sheep that was lost.
 Out in the desert he heard its cry,
 'Twas helpless and sick, and ready to die,
 'Twas helpless and sick, and ready to die.

4 And all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,
 And up from the rocky steep,
 There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
 "Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
 And the angels echo around the throne,
 "Rejoice! for the Lord brings back his own!"
 "Rejoice! for the Lord brings back his own!"

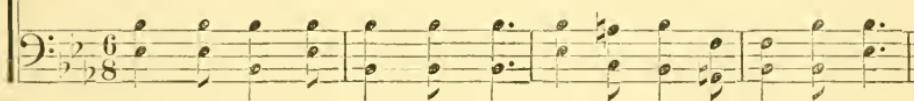
Homeward come.

CLARKE.
 Earnestly.

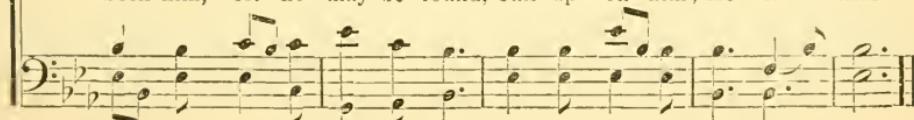
MISS LUCIA G. MERRILL.



1. Broth - er, hast thou wandered far From thy Father's hap - py home,
 2. Hast thou wast-ed all thy powers, God for no - ble u - ses gave?
 3. He can heal thy bitterest wound, He thy faint-est cry ean hear;



With thy - self and God at war? Turn thee, brother, home-ward come.
 Squandered life's most golden hours? Turn thee, brother, God can save.
 Seek him, for he may be found, Call up - on him; He is near.



After many Days.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters."

Mrs. AUGUSTA L. CUMMINGS.

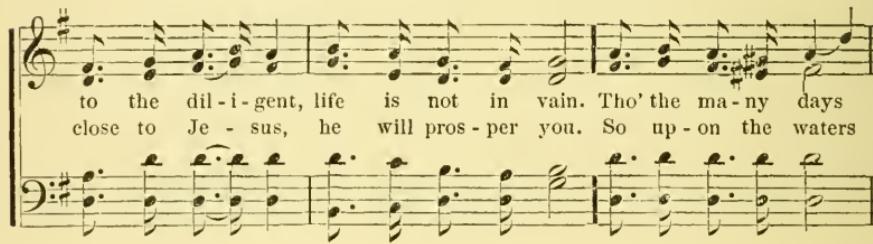
J. R. M.

Moderato.

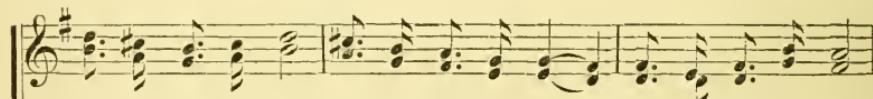
1. "Af - ter ma - ny days," so the promise stands, All the seed you sow re-turn - eth
 2. Hold not then your hand, scatter wide the seed, Else no harvest waits you in your



to your hands, Rich with gathered blessings, e'en that sowed in pain, Show-ing
 greatest need, Sow your seed in hope, to yourself be true, Keep-ing



to the dil-i-gent, life is not in vain. Tho' the ma-ny days
 close to Je-sus, he will pros-per you. So up-on the waters

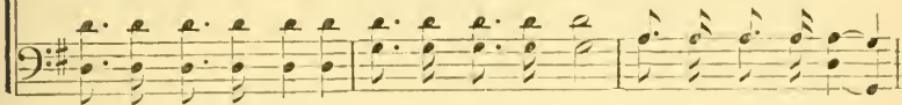


lengthen in-to years, Tho' the seed be watered with our bit-ter tears,
 tho' your bread be cast, "Af-ter ma-ny days," floats it back at last,





He that goes forth weeping, sure will eome a - gain, Bringing home, re-joie-ing,
So up - on the waters tho'your bread be cast, "Af - ter ma - ny days,"

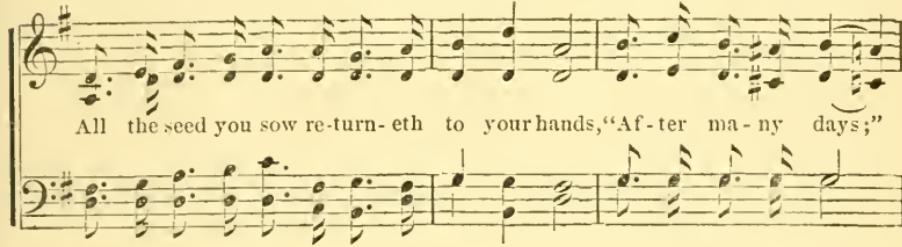


REFRAIN.

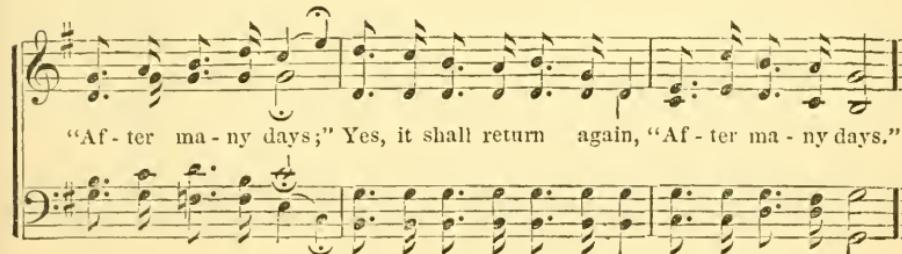


sheaves of gold - en grain. "Af - ter ma - ny days," so the promise stands,

floats it back at last, "Af - ter ma - ny days," so the promise stands,



All the seed you sow re-turn- eth to your hands, "Af - ter ma - ny days;"



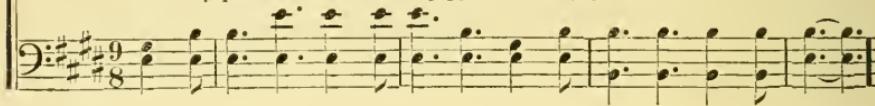
"Af - ter ma - ny days;" Yes, it shall return again, "Af - ter ma - ny days."

WM. WILLIAMS.

FREDERICK G. SPENCER.



1. Je - sus, lead us with Thy power Safe in - to the promised rest;
 2. Thro' the des - er - t wild conduct us, With a glo - ri - ous pil - lar bright;
 3. In Thy presence we are hap - py; In Thy presence we're se - cure;



Hide our souls with-in Thy bo - som; Let us slumber on Thy breast;
 In the day a cool-ing com-fort, And a cheering fire by night;
 In Thy presence all af - flic - tions We will ea - si - ly en - dure;



p Feed us with the heavenly man - na, Bread that an - gels eat a - bove;
 Be our guide in ev' - ry per - il; Watch us hour-ly, night and day;
 In Thy presence we can conquer, We can suf - fer, we can die;



Let us drink from ho - ly fountains Draughts of ev - er - last - ing love.
 Oth - er - wise we'll err and wan - der From Thy Spir - it far a - way.
 Far from Thee, we faint and languish; Lord, our Savior, keep us nigh.



CHORUS.

Je-sus, lead us! Je-sus, lead us! Without thee we faint and die;
 Je-sus, lead us! Je-sus, lead us! We are strong if thou art nigh.

Sun of my soul.

W. H. MONK, arr.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Sa-vior dear, It is not night if thou be near;
 2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep, My wea-ried eye-lids gen-tly steep;
 3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out thee I can-not live;
 4. Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise, To hide thee from thy ser-vant's eyes.
 Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For ev-er on my Savior's breast.
 A-bide with me when death is nigh, For without thee I dare not die.

4.
 If some poor wandering child of thine
 Here spurned to-day the voice divine,
 Now, Lord, the gracieous work begin;
 Let me no more lie down in sin.

5.
 Come near and bless us when we wake,
 Ere thro' the world our way we take,
 Till in the ocean of thy love
 We lose ourselves in heaven above.

O Jesus, sweetest Name.

Words, GEORGIE L. HEATH.

Music, GEORGE F. WILSON.

Allegro moderato.

1. O Je-sus, sweet-est name By saint or ser-aph sung, The
 2. No mor-tal ear can take That wondrous sweet-ness in, Till
 3. When Zi-on's pearl-y gates Re-ceive our wea-ry feet, And

Ritard.

nev-er-fail-ing theme Heaven's ransomed hosts a-mong.
 grace di-vine shall break The power of reign-ing sin.
 we be-hold at last Our rest and joy com-plete.

REFRAIN. *Allegro.*

O Je-sus with prais-es We would sur-round thy name, Who
 Then Je-sus with prais-e They will sur-round thy name, Who
 Then Je-sus with prais-es We will sur-round thy name, Who

art thro' changing a-ges For-ev-er-more the same, Who
 art thro' changing a-ges For-ev-er-more the same, Who
 through e-ter-nal a-ges Art ev-er-more the same, Who

Accel. . . . *f* Ritard. . . .

art thro' changing a - ges For - ev - er - more the same.
 art thro' changing a - ges For - ev - er - more the same.
 thro' e - ter - nal a - ges Art ev - er - more the same.

Something for Thee.

M. E. L.

G. F. R.

1. Something, my God, for Thee, Some-thing for Thee!
 2. Something, my God, for Thee, Some-thing for Thee!
 3. Something, my God, for Thee, Some-thing for Thee!
 4. Something, my God, for Thee, Some-thing for Thee!

That each day's sun may bring Some hum - ble of - fer - ing
 In Thee some kind - ness done, To Thee some wand'r'er won,
 That to Thy throne may rise, High in the cloudless skies,
 For all that Thou hast given, For all Thy love hast striven,

On faith's up - lift - ed wing, Dear Lord, for Thee.
 From Thee some life be - gun, Dear Lord, from Thee.
 Ac - cept - ed sac - ri - fice, Dear Lord, to Thee.
 For the dear hope of heaven, Some - thing for Thee.

The Lilies of the Field.

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Words, Rev. A. KENYON.

Music, H. R. PALMER.



1. Oh, far, far a-way, in the qui-et low val-ley, 'Mid nature's sweet
2. If God clothes the flow-ers, and feeds lit-tle sparrows, Which toil not in



o-dors and beau-ti-ful bowers, Grows heav-en's bright emblems of
seed-time, nor har-vest, nor spin, Oh will he not clothe the poor



glo-ry and beau-ty, The li-lies most queenly of Pal-es-tine's flowers.
chil-dren of sor-row, In garments of right-ous-ness, stainless from sin:



They toil not, they spin not, yet ev'-ry one wear-eth, A
Oh shout then the praise of our Fa-ther in heav-en, Oh



garment more brilliant than crimson or gold; For the li - lies he clothes in bright
we are his children, to him we belong; We're saved by his mercy, our

splendor He car - eth, Ex - cel - ling the king in his glo - ry, we're told.
sins are for - giv - en, Sal - va - tion thro' Je - sus, the anthem prolong.

Take my heart.

Fine.

1. Take me, O my Father, take me! Take me, save me, thro' thy Son; {
That which thou would'st have me, make me, Let thy will in me be done. {
Weary come I now, and praying, Take me to thy love, my God.

Long from thee my footsteps straying, Thorny proved the way I trod;

D.C.

2 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At thy feet, O Father, falling,
To thy household take me in.
Freely now to thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely life and soul I offer,
Gift unworthy love like Thine.

3 Once the world's Redeemer dying,
Bare our sins upou the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to Thee.
Father, take me! all forgiving,
Fold me to thy loving breast;
In thy love forever living,
I must be forever blest.

Ring the Bells of Heaven.

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

Rev. Wm. O. CUSHING.

GEO. F. Root. [By per. J. CHURCH & Co.]

Joyfully.

1. Ring the bells of heav-en! there is joy to-day, For a soul re -
 2. Ring the bells of heav-en! there is joy to-day, For the wanderer
 3. Ring the bells of heav-en! spread the feast to-day, An-gels, swell the

turn-ing from the wild; See! the Father meets him out up - on the way,
 now is re - con - ciled; Yes, a soul is res - cued from his sin - ful way,
 glad triumphant strain! Tell the joy - ful tid - ings! bear it far a - way!

CHORUS.

Wel-com - ing His wea - ry, wand'ring child. Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the
 And is born a - new a ransomed child.
 For a precious soul is born a - gain.

an - gels sing; Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the loud harps ring; 'Tis the ransomed

army, like a mighty sea, Peal-ing forth the anthem of the free.

What a Friend we have in Jesus.

Rev. H. BONAR.

Furnished by S. W. BLUNT, Esq.

Fine.

1. What a Friend we have in Je-sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
 What a priv-i-lege to ear-ry Ev -'ry-thing to God in prayer.
 D.C. All be-cause we do not ear-ry Ev -'ry-thing to God in prayer.

Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit, And what needless pains we bear,

2 Have you trials and temptations?
 Is there trouble any-where?
 You must never be discouraged;
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Can you find a friend so faithful,
 Who will all your sorrows share?
 Jesus knows your every weakness;
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are you weak and heavy-laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care?
 Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Do thy friends despise and leave thee,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer,
 In his arms He'll take and shield thee,
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

Read Rev. vii. 16, 17.

E. E. REXFORD.

J. R. M.



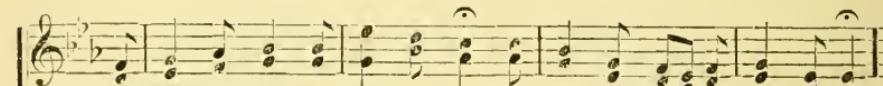
1. Of all God's ten-der prom-is - es, To pilgrims wea-ry in the way,
 2. It makes my heart grow strong again, To bear its burdens while it may,
 3. Oh, pil-grim wea-ry grown, and faint, Bear up a lit - tle while, I pray,
 4. Oh God, thy prom-is - es are sweet, Like balm to bleeding hearts are they,



There is no sweeter one than this, That he shall wipe all tears a - way.
 Earth's loss - es will be Heaven's gain, When God has wiped all tears a - way.
 The heaviest cross makes gladdest saint, When God has wiped all tears a - way.
 But this my lips will most re - peat, For God shall wipe all tears a - way.



All tears a - way! all tears a - way! My God shall wipe all tears a - way;



All tears a - way! all tears a - way! My God shall wipe all tears a - way.



* From "Joyful Songs," by per. S. Brainard's Sons.

I am the Way.

81

Col. S. S. FISHER.

J. R. M.

1. Come, broth - er! Je - sus saith: I am the Way;
 2. Here rest then, trou - bled heart, I am the Truth;
 3. Fear not the gloom - y vale, I am the Life;

Here find the heaven - ly path, I am the Way.
 Peace let my Truth im - part, I am the Truth:
 My word can nev - er fail, I am the Life.

Earth, sin and sor - row flee, Glo - ry and glad - ness see;
 Sin's heav - y debt is paid, No more shall doubt in - vade,
 And though the night come on, Soon shall the shades be gone,

Let me your Pat - tern be, I am the Way.
 Bright hopes shall nev - er fade, I am the Truth.
 Soon will the morn - ing dawn, I am the Life.

Christian, toil on in Love.

From the "Watchword."

B. A. M.

"They that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."

1. Christian, toil on in love, Seat - ter God's pre - cious seed,
 2. Christian, toil on in cheer, Earth is your har - vest field;
 3. Christian, toil on in prayer, Glean - ing will soon be o'er;

When thou art called a - bove, Rest shall be sure in - deed.
 God will be al - ways near, He will the in - crease yield.
 Day will be bright and fair, When reap - ing is no more.

CHORUS.

Christian, toil on, Christian, toil on, Oh bless - ed work and dear,

Christian, toil on, Christian, toil on, For har - vest day is near.

“Glory to God.”

83

“And on earth peace and good will.”

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

J. K. COLE.

1. An-gels from the realms of light, To the shepherds came by night,
2. Ho - ly mes - sen - gers of song, From the pure an - gel - ie throng,
3. Earth sends back the sweet re - train, Sends it baek to Heaven a - gain,

And a - mid the glo - ry bright, Sang a sweet re - train.
Rolled the tid - ings glad a - long, Till it reached the earth.
Sends it up to E - den's plain, “Glo - ry be to God.”

REFRAIN.

“Glo - ry to God in the High - est!” Was their sweet re -

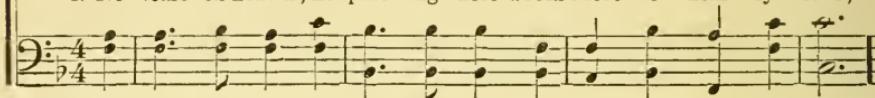
- train, refrain, “Peace on earth, peace on earth, And good will to men.”

Mrs. AUGUSTA L. CUMMINGS.

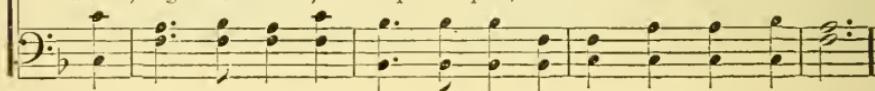
J. R. M.



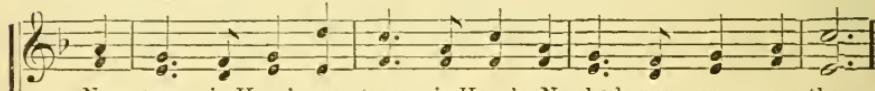
1. No tears in heav'n; as - sur - ance sweet To hearts with sor - row worn;
2. No tears in heav'n; O troubled soul, The Sa - vior wept when here;
3. No tears in heav'n; no vain re-gret O'er quick be - set - ting sin;
4. No tears in heav'n; no part - ing there From those we dear - ly love;



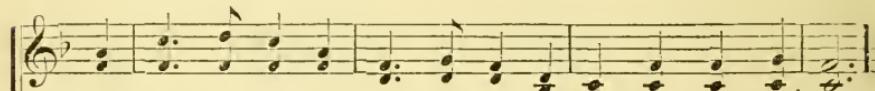
Our hap - pi - ness is there complete, Without one cause to mourn.
 He knows how waves of an - guish roll To wring each bit - ter tear.
 Je - sus hath wiped a - way our debt, And given us heaven to win.
 Death, anguished hearts, and deep de - spair, Reach not our home a - bove.



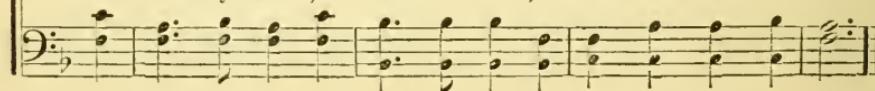
REFRAIN.



No tears in Heav'n, no tears in Heav'n, No shade nor sor - row there,



"O Princely Bowers, O Land of Flow'rs, Je - ru - sa - lem the Fair."

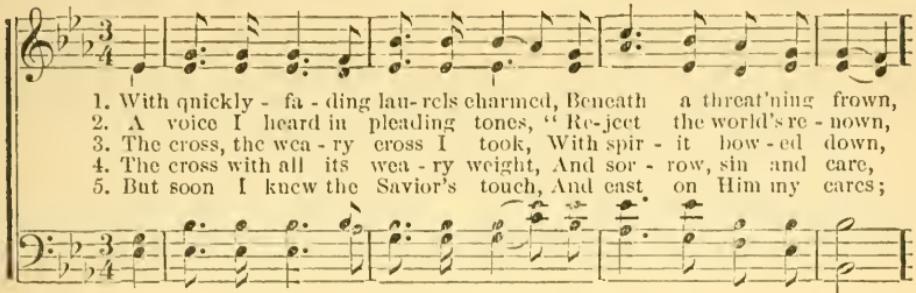


The Victor's Crown.

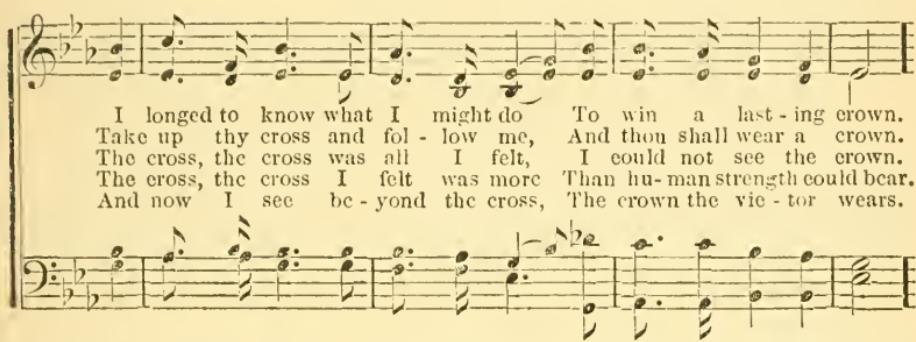
85

Words, Miss A. M. ALLEN.

DR. J. B. HERBERT.



1. With quickly - fa - ding lau -rels charmed, Beneath a threat'ning frown,
2. A voice I heard in pleading tones, "Re-ject the world's re - nown,
3. The cross, the wea - ry cross I took, With spir - it bow - ed down,
4. The cross with all its wea - ry weight, And sor - row, sin and care,
5. But soon I knew the Savior's touch, And cast on Him my cares;



I longed to know what I might do To win a last - ing crown.
Take up thy cross and fol - low me, And thou shall wear a crown.
The cross, the cross was all I felt, I could not see the crown.
The cross, the cross I felt was more Than hu - man strength could bear.
And now I see be - yond the cross, The crown the vic - tor wears.



The crown, the crown, the vic - tor's crown, The last-ing crown and bright, The



crown, the crown that's worn a - bove, In the beauti - ful world of light.

Love for all.

Earnestly, and not too slow.

J. R. M.

1. Love for all! and can it be? Can I hope it is for me?
 2. I, the dis - o - be - dient child, Wayward, pas - sion-ate, and wild;
 3. I, who spurned his lov - ing hold, I, who would not be con-trolled,
 4. I, who wast - ed and mis - spent Ev' - ry tal - ent he had lent;

I, who strayed so long a - go, Strayed so far, and fell so low!
 I, who left my Fa - ther's home In for - bid - den ways to roam!
 I, who would not hear his call, I, the wil - ful prod - i - gal!
 I, who sinned a - gain, a - gain, Giv - ing ev' - ry pas - sion rein!

REFRAIN.

LOVE FOR ALL! YES, LOVE FOR ALL! HEAR THE FATHER'S GEN - TLE CALL;

LOVE FOR ALL! YES, LOVE FOR ALL! GOD HAS LOVE, HAS LOVE FOR ALL.

5 To my Father can I go?
 At his feet myself I'll throw;
 In his house there yet may be
 Place, a servant's placee, for me.

6 Yes, my Father waiting stands;
 See, he reaches out his hands;
 God is love! I know, I see,
 Love for me—yes, even me.

Light will greet thee by and by.

87

From "Heavenly Choir," by per.

T. WOOD.

SOLO.

QUARTET.

1. Is thy trembling heart a wea - ry? Are thy foot - steps almost gone?
2. Is thy spir - it sad with - in thee? Raise thy heart in earnest prayer,
3. Has thy spir - it grown a - wea - ry? Do not fal - ter in the strife;

SOLO.

QUARTET.

Does life seem a drea - ry bur - den? Courage, broth - er, strug - gle on:
Trust a Father's lov - ing kindness, Trust a Fa - ther's ten - der care;
God has work for thee, my Brother, As thou tread'st the path of life:

SC. DUET.

Bear it pa - tient - ly and bravely, Do not stop to weep or sigh,
Call up - on him in thy sor - row, He will hear thy fal - tering ery,
Darkness may ob - scure thy pathway, Clouds may gather in the sky.

CHO. By and by the morn-ing dawneth, By and by, yes! by and by,

D.S.

QUARTET.

Af - ter night the morning dawneth, Light will greet thee by and by.
Thongh thou see'st no sign of dawning, Light will greet thee by and by.
Storms may rage, but do not murmur, Light will greet thee by and by.

Tho' thou see'st no sign of dawning, Light will greet thee by and by

ROBERT S. LINDSAY.

FRED'K G. SPENCER.

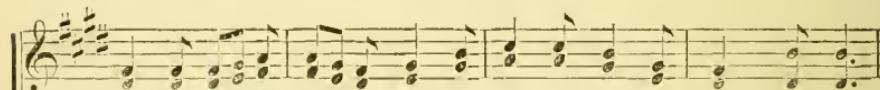


1. While we jour - ney, swell the cho -rus Of the Lamb that once was slain;

2. No more weep - ing, no more sor -row; Freed from ev - 'ry bind -ing snare;



Zi - on's gate is just be - fore us,—There we'll cn - ter and re-main.
Pain and grief, which now we bor -row, Nev - er will be - set us there.



Up -ward, onward, fal - ter nev - er, Tread the path which Christ hath trod,
Wait with patience for the dawning Of that bright and joy - ous day;



Till be -yond the deep, dark riv - er, We are welcomed home by God.
Tho' the night is dark, the morn -ing Drives the dark -ness all a - way.



No Surrender!

39

COMPANION TO "HOLD THE FORT."

"Hold fast that which thou hast."

Words and music, JAMES R. MURRAY.

Spirited.

Sheet music for 'No Surrender!' in 3/4 time, key of G major. The vocal line consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment features eighth-note chords in the bass and eighth-note patterns in the treble. The section ends with a repeat sign and the instruction 'D.C.'

D.C. 1. No sur - ren - der to the foe! Shout the ery where'er you go;
2. No sur - ren - der! press a - long, Tho' the hosts of sin are strong;
3. No sur - ren - der! then at last, All our con - flicts o - ver - past,

Fine.

Fal - ter nev - er! we must win, No sur - rend - er - ing to sin.
We shall more than conquerors be, If we trust, O Lord, in thee!
Glad will be our wel - com - ing To the Ci - ty of the King.

No sur - rend - er! let it be Bat - tle ery for you and me;
No sur - rend - er! an - gel bands From the fair and heav'ly lands
Forward, then! fall in - to line! Bright the conqueror's crown will shine;

D.C.

God will help us, He is near, He is with us, do not fear.
Haste to help us; more are they Than the foes that bar our way.
Storm the camp of sin and wrong, Sweet will be the vic - tor's song.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

W. F. HEATH.



1. We sing the precious tid - ings, That Je - sus from a - bove
 2. How great the love that led him To leave the home a - bove,



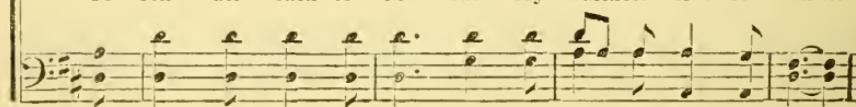
Came down to of - fer free - ly The blessings of his love.
 To die for ru - ined sin - ners, And bless them with his love.



With heart of warm af - fee - tion He gave him - self to die,
 For such a pure af - fee - tion My grate - ful spir - it yearns



That we should nev - er per - ish, But live with him on high.
 To ren - der back to Je - sus My warmest love re - turns.



REFRAIN.

Oh precious, precious sto - ry, The Lord brought down from glo - ry,

Brought to us, from yon Heav - en, The blessings of his love.

Tune, "Bethany." Key, G.

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
 Nearer to Thee!

2 Though, like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
 Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear,
 Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,

In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
 Nearer to Thee!

4 Then with my waking thoughts,
 Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
 Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
 Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
 Nearer to Thee!

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams, 1840.

If only I have Thee.

From the German of NOVALIS, by Dr. G. W. BETHUNE.

J. R. MURRAY.

Earnestly.

Slow.

Saviour, I follow on.

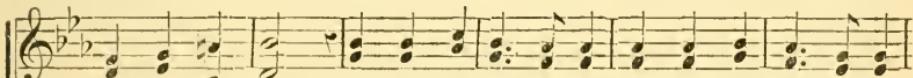
93

Words, Rev. C. S. ROBINSON.

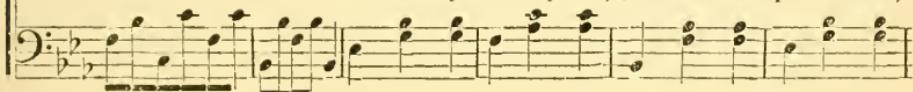
"BELLE."



1. Saviour! I fol - low on, Guided by Thee, See-ing not yet the hand
2. Riv-en the rock for me, Thirst to re - lieve; Manna from Heaven falls
3. Saviour! I long to walk Closer with Thee; Led by Thy gniding hand



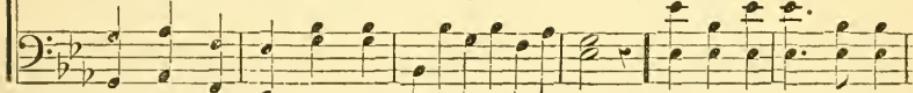
That lead-eth me; Hush'd be my heart and still, Fear I no further ill,
Fresh ev' - ry eve; Nev - er a want severe Causeth my eye a tear,
Ev - er to be: Con-stant - ly near Thy side, Quickened and pu - ri-fied,



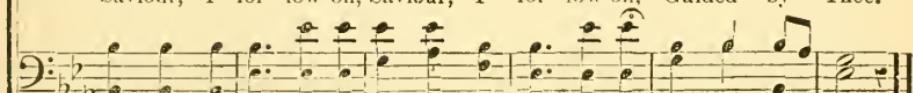
CHORUS.



On - ly to meet Thy will, My will shall be.
But Thou art whisp'ring near, "On-ly be - lieve!" } Saviour, I fol - low on,
Liv - ing for Him whodied Free-ly for me. } VOICES.



Saviour, I fol - low on, Saviour, I fol - low on, Guided by Thee.



Rejoice evermore.

Words, Mrs. E. FAWCETT.

Music, T. WOOD.

1. Have we not rea - son to re - joice, The children of a King?
 2. Re - joice that Je - sus in - ter - cedes For us, with God a - bove;
 3. Re - joice! he gives us grace to meet The tri - als that may come;

Have we not heard his pard'ning voice? Re - joice! his prais - es sing.
 Re - joice that o - ver us he spreads His can - o - py of love.
 Re - joice! he leads our wea - ry feet To our e - ter - nal home.

CHORUS.

1 & 2. Rejoice! his prais - es sing, Rejoice, then ev - er - more;
 3. Rejoice, then, ev - er - more, Rejoice, then, ev - er - more;

Are we not chil - dren of a King? Shall we not Him a - dore?
 As children of a Heavenly King? Re - joice, then, ev - er - more.

4 Rejoice that we may others lead
 Into those paths of peace;
 Rejoice! there's grace for every need;
 He bids our sorrows cease.
 5 Rejoice, and tell to all around,
 What he has done for thee;

Rejoice if captive thou art bound,
 He sets the captive free.
 6 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad,
 That when, earth's trials o'er,
 We'll meet where none are ever sad;
 Rejoice, then, evermore!

Under His Wing.

95

Words, T. W. T.

Read Psalm xcii.

J. R. M.

From "Joyful Songs," by per.

1. The Lord is my re-fuge and strength, My God and my on-ly re-
2. I fear not the ter-ror by night, Nor the ar-row that fli-eth by
3. No pes-ti-lence darkness may hide, Nor de-struk-tion that wasteth at
4. A thousand may fall at my side, Ten thousand up-on my right

treat; While un-der His wings I a-bide, My safe-ty and
day; His truth is my buck-ler and shield, His presence my
noon, Shall cause me to fear, for I trust in God, the Om-
hand; But since I am un-der his wings, Se-cure in His

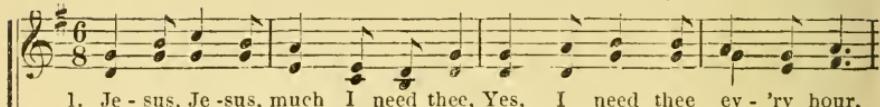
rest are com-plete. } com-fort and stay. } I am un-der His wings, Yes, un-der His
ni-po-tent, One. } shad-ow I stand.

wings, And my heart fears no dan-ger, While un-der his wings.

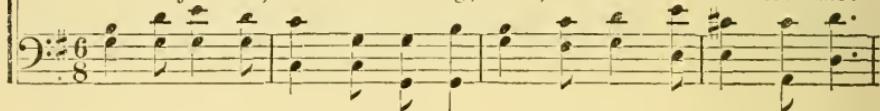
Jesus, Jesus, much I need Thee.

"For without me ye can do nothing." John xv. 5.

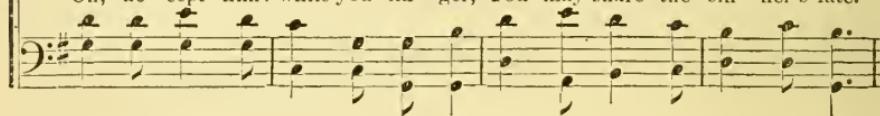
Words and music, GEO. F. WILSON.



1. Je - sus, Je - sus, much I need thee, Yes, I need thee ev - 'ry hour,
 2. Yes, he loves us tho' we slight him; Can we thus re - fuse him still?
 3. Don't re - jeet him, he is wait - ing; Come, be - fore it is too late!



With thy hand to guide and keep me, Safe from sin's il - lu - sive power;
 Now he's call - ing, gen - tly call - ing, Je - sus, break our stub - born will.
 Oh, ac - cept him! while you lin - ger, You may share the sin - ner's fate.



DUET.



Ev - er read - y to re - ceive us, Ev - er will - ing thou to hear,
 Oh, how can we thus re - fuse him, When he died that we might live!
 Do be - lieve him, he will save you, All your sins will be for-given;



CHORUS.



All who call on thee, dear Je - sus, Thou art ev - er, ev - er near.
 Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, He will peace and com - fort give.
 If you'll on - ly love and trust him, He will lead you home to heav'n.



REFRAIN.

Oh, we need thee, yes, we need thee, Come and help us now, we pray;

With thy ev - er - dwell-ing presence, We can nev - er, nev - er stray.

St. Martin's. C. M.

TANSUR.

1. O thou to whom all crea-tures bow Within this earthly frame,
2. When heav'n, thy beau-teous work on high, Em-ployes my wond'ring sight;

Through all the world, how great art thou! How glo - rious is thy name!
The moon that night - ly rules the sky, With stars of fee - bler light;

3 Lord, what is man that thou shouldst To bear him in thy mind! [deign
Or what his race, that thou shouldst prove To them so wondrous kind! | 4 O thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Thro' all the world, how great art thou?
How glorious is thy name!

Cling to the Mighty One.

Words and music, J. R. MURRAY.

Not fast.

1, 2, 3. Cling to the Mighty One! Cling to the Mighty One! He

know - eth all your sor - rows, All your doubts and fears, He
mak - eth bright the val - ley, Go - eth on be - fore; And
is the Rock of A - ges, Stand-ing firm and sure. The

know - eth all your tri - als, Your ma - ny, ma - ny trials;
all the gloom - y shad - ows, The heav - y, heav - y shadows,
soul that rests in Je - sus, The bless - ed, bless - ed Jesus,

He who notes the spar - row's fall, Counts your fall - ing tears.
Scat - tered by his might - ty arm, Fright the soul no more.
Storms may toss and foes as - sail, Yet it is se - cure.

Cling to the Might - y One! Cling to the Might - y One!

Lean up - on His Might - y arm, Trust His power a - lone.

The Sure Guide.

Mrs. R. N. TURNER.



1. He lead-eth me! I need not fear; The way is dark, but He is near;
 2. He lead-eth me when life is bright, Lest, dazzled by its glowing light,
 3. In dark, in light, when shades descend, Unseen there walks with me a Friend,

I al - ways know ONE pity - ing ear Is bowed to hear.
 I lose as in the star - less night The path of right.
 And He has prom - ised, to the end, My steps to tend.

We are almost There.

"The coming of the Lord draweth nigh."

J. A. BROAD.



1. Sweet the words that greet my ear, We are al - most there,
 2. Trav'ling in a val - ley here, We are al - most there,
 3. Pa - tient - ly on earth we'll stay, We are al - most there,



almost there; An - gel bands the mes - sage bear, We are al - most there.
 almost there: Thinking not a doubt or fear, We are al - most there.
 almost there; Looking, watching ev' - ry day, We are al - most there.



Just a lit - tle while be - low, Then e - ter - nal joys we'll know,
 Just a few more storms shall come, And we reach our heav'n - ly home,
 Soon we all in heaven shall meet, Round the bless - ed mer - ey seat,



And a Sa - viour's glo - ries show, We are al - most there.
 From it we shall nev - er roam, We are al - most there.
 There we'll bow at Je - sus' feet, We are al - most there.



O for the Robes of Whiteness.

101

CHARITIE LEES SMITH.

J. R. M.

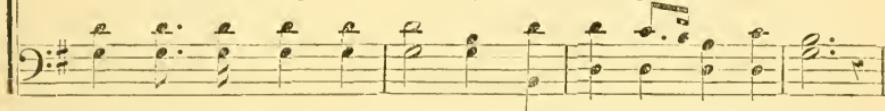
Earnestly.



1. Oh for the robes of whiteness! Oh for the tear-less eye!
2. Oh for the bliss of dy-ing, My ris-en Lord to meet!
3. Je-sus, thou King of glo-ry! I soon shall dwell with Thee;



Oh for the glo-rious brightness Of the un-cloud-ed sky!
Oh for the rest of ly-ing For ev-er at His feet!
I soon shall sing the sto-ry Of Thy great love to me.



Oh for the no more weep-ing With-in the land of love,
Oh for the hour of see-ing My Saviour face to face,
Meanwhile my thoughts shall en-ter E'en now be-fore Thy throne,



The end-less joy of keep-ing The bri-dal feast a-bove!
The hope of ev-er be-ing In that sweet meeting place!
That all my love may cen-tre On Thee, and Thee a-lone.



We shall know it,
or, WE CAN ONLY TRUST THE FATHER.

Miss M. E. SERVOSS.

J. R. M.



1. When the clouds hang darkly o'er us, And the skies are cold and gray, When we
 2. Tho' with loved ones we have parted, When the parting was most sad, We have
 3. We have often, as we journeyed, Found the path was rough and steep, We have



see no light be-fore us, Like the dawning of a day, We can on - ly trust the
 learned to bear with patience, And thro' hope, and faith be glad. We could only trust the
 planted in the spring-time, And seen others come and reap. We could only trust the



Father, And just journey right ahead, Tho' we can - not tell the rea-son Why in
 Father, And just journey right ahead, Tho' we knew not why he call'd them To be
 Father, And just journey right ahead, Tho' our hearts grew faint and weary, And our



darkness we are led. } number'd with the dead. } We shall know it, we shall know it, We shall know why we were
 feet with bruises bled. }



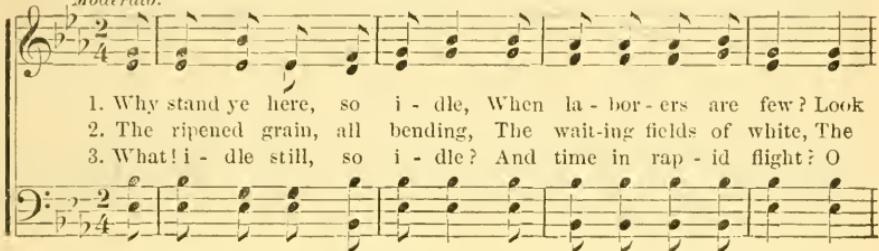


Why stand ye here so idle?

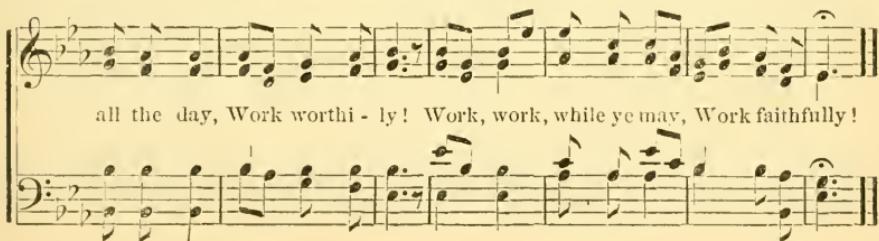
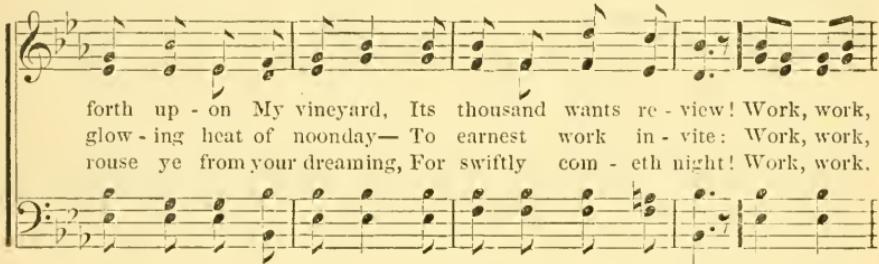
"Go work to-day in my vineyard."

Mrs. R. N. TURNER.

J. K. COLE.

Moderato.

REFRAIN.



1. High - er yet and high - er, Out of clouds and night,
 2. Oh, let him whose sor - row No re - lief can find,
 3. All onr woe and sad - ness, In this world be - low,

Near - er yet and near - er, Ris - ing to the light -
 Trust in God, and bor - row Ease for heart and mind;
 E - qual not the glad - ness We in Heaven shall know,

Light se - rene and ho - ly, Where my soul may rest,
 Where the mourner weep - ing, Sheds the sa - cred tear,
 When our gra-cious Sa - viour, In the realms a - bove,

Pu - ri - tied and low - ly, Sanc - ti - fied and bless'd.
 God his watch is keep-ing, Though none else is near.
 Crowns us with His fa - vor, Fills us with his love.

Lean thy weary head on Jesus.

105

"He careth for us."

Mrs. AUGUSTA L. CUMMINGS.

J. R. M.

Quietly.



1. Lean thy weary head on Jesus, He can give thee needful rest;
2. Ask thy heart's desire of Jesus, Soon it shall be given thee;



Aching hearts He gently eases, Heaven's peace shall be thy guest.
To the prayer of faith He pleases Oft to give abundant- ly.



Tell thy troubles all to Jesus, He is ev- er quick to hear;
Give thy-self, thy all to Jesus, He will keep and He can save;



He the burdened soul re - leases, And de - lights His flock to cheer.
With thy faith thy joy in - creases, Joy that lives beyond the grave.

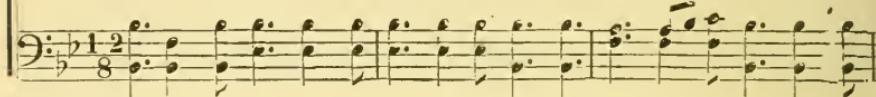


Words, DR. BONAR.

J. H. TENNEY



1. Up and a - way, like the dew of the morning, Soar-ing from earth to its
2. Up and a - way, like the o-dors of sun - set, Sweet'ning the twilight as
3. Need I be miss'd if a - nother succeed me, Reaping those fields which in



home in the sun; So let me steal a-way, gent-ly and lov-ing-ly,
darkness came on; So let me pass a-way, peaceful - ly, si - lently,
spring I have sown? Who plow'd or sow'd is not miss'd by the harvest-er,



On - ly re - mem - bered by what I have done. On - ly re - mem - bered,
On - ly re - mem - bered by what I have done. On - ly re - mem - bered,
But he's re - mem - bered by what he has done. On - ly re - mem - bered,



On - ly re - mem - bered, On - ly re - mem - bered by what I have done.
On - ly re - mem - bered, On - ly re - mem - bered by what I have done.
On - ly re - mem - bered, On - ly re - mem - bered by what he has done.



Our glad voices let us raise.

107

Written for Berean Baptist Sunday-school, West Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 13, 1875.

Mrs. EDGAR M. LEVY.

W. WARREN BENTLEY, by per.

Cheerfully.

1. Our glad voices let us raise, In a song of love and praise,
 2. O, the precious truth we learn! May we all to Je-sus turn,
 3. To the Saviour's feet we'll bring Our bright crowns, and then we'll sing,

CHORUS. Our glad voi-ces let us raise, In a song of love and praise,

Fine.

That we're taught in wis-dom's ways, In the Sabbath School.
 And our hearts with-in us burn, Burn with love di-vine.
 While we make sweet Heav-en ring With our grateful song.

That we're taught in wis-dom's ways, In the Sabbath School.

How we learn of Je-sus' love, How He left his throne a-bove,
 Then shall we a ransomed band, Teachers all and chil-dren stand;
 And the joy-ful strain shall be, Glo-ry, hon-or, praise to Thee;

D.C. Chorus.

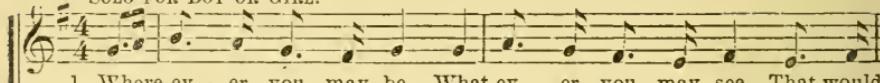
Came to earth, His grace to prove, Died on Cal-va-ry.
 In that hap-py, hap-py land, From the Sab-bath school.
 Fa-ther, Son, and Spir-it Three, Songs to Him be-long.

"We will go by the King's Highway." Num. xx. 17.

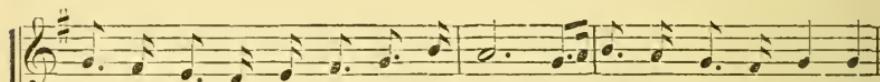
Not too fast.

J. R. M.

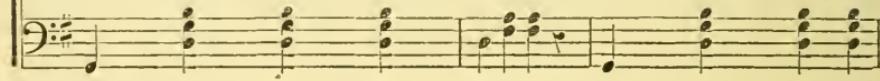
SOLO FOR BOY OR GIRL.



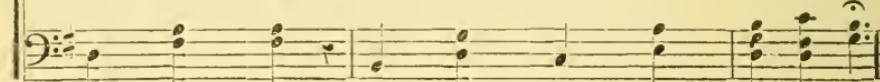
1. Where-ev - er you may be, What-ev - er you may see, That would
 2. The mead-ows may be green Where bye - path stile is seen; "Turn a -
 3. For on en-chant-ed ground There's dan - ger all around, And a
 4. Our God will guide us right, And, walking in the light, We shall



lead you in - to e - vil, say you "Nay, I will not turn a - side, what-
 side" the lit - tle flowers seem to say; Be sure you take no heed, They're
 thousand pleasant voi - ces bid you stay; With fin - gers stop your ears, And
 win a crown of glo - ry in the day When Je - sus calls his own, To



ev - er may be-tide," Just keep along the mid - dle of the King's Highway.
 try - ing to mislead; Just keep along the mid - dle of the King's Highway.
 never mind their jeers; Just keep along the mid - dle of the King's Highway.
 gather round his throne, Who kept along the mid - dle of the King's Highway.



CHORUS.



ev'-ry thing that leads a - stray, Where - ev - er you may be, what -

ev - er you may see, Just keep a - long the mid - dle of the King's Highway.

Come and Welcome.

Miss M. L. UPTON.

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and sick and sore,
 2. Now, ye need - y, come and wel - come, God to glo - ri - fy;
 3. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, Bruised by the fall;

Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of love and power.
 Faith he gives and true re - pent - ance, Grace that brings you nigh.
 If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You won't come at all.

ROB'T MORRIS, LL. D.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. Each cooing dove..... and sighing bough..... That makes the
 2. Each flowery glen..... and mossy dell..... Where hap-py
 3. And when I read..... the thrilling lore..... Of Him who

Each coo-ing dove and sighing bough,
 Each flow'r-y glen, and mossy dell,
 And when I read the thrilling lore

Alto.

Tenor & Bass.

eve..... so blest to me..... Has something
 birds..... in song a - gree..... Thro' sun - ny
 walked up - on the sea, I long, oh,

That makes the eve so blest to me,
 Where hap - py birds in song a - gree,
 Of Him who walked up - on the sea,

far..... di - vin - er now..... It bears me
 morn..... the prai - es tell..... Of sights and
 how..... I long once more..... To fol - low

Has something far di - vin - er now,
 Thro' sun - ny morn the prais - es tell
 I long, oh, how I long once more

CHORUS.

back..... to Gal - i - lee.....
 sounds..... in Gal - i - lee.....
 Him..... in Gal - i - lee..... } Oh, Gal-i - lee, sweet

It bears me back to Gal - i - lee. }
 Of sights and sounds in Gal - i - lee. } Oh, Gal-i - lee, sweet
 To fol - low Him in Gal - i - lee. }

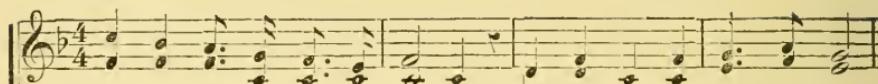
Gal - i - lee, Where Je - sus lov'd so much to be; Oh,

Gal - i - lee, Where Je - sus lov'd so much to be; Oh,

Gal - i - lee, blue Gal - i - lee, Come sing thy song a - gain to me.

Gal - i - lee, blue Gal - i - lee, Come sing thy song a - gain to me.

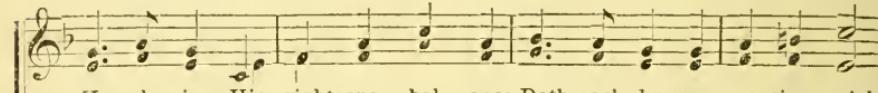
Moderato.



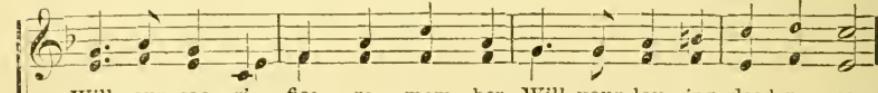
1. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Ye who have but scant sup - ply,
 2. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Ye who have a - bun - dant store;
 3. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Far and wide your treasures strew;
 4. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Waft it on with pray-ing breath;



An - gel eyes will watch a - bove it, You shall find it by - and - by;
 It may float on ma - ny billows, It may strand on many a shore;
 Scat - ter it with willing fin - gers, Laugh for joy to see it go;
 In some dis - tant, doubtful moment It may save a soul from death.



He who in His righteous bal - ance Doth each hu - man ac - tion weigh,
 You may think it lost for - ev - er, But as sure as God is true,
 For if you too close - ly keep it, It will on - ly drag you down;
 When you sleep in sol - emn si - lence, 'Neath the morn and evening dew,



Will your sac - ri - fice re - mem - ber, Will your lov - ing deed re - pay.
 In this life or in the oth - er, It will yet re - turn to you.
 If you love it more than Je - sus, It will keep you from your crown.
 Stranger hands which you have strengthened, May strew li - lies o - ver you.



REFRAIN.

Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Do not question how nor why,
 An - gel eyes will watch a - bove it, You shall find it by - and - by.

Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Do not question how nor why,
 An - gel eyes will watch a - bove it, You shall find it by - and - by.

Florence. (C. M.)

Prayerfully.

J. R. MURRAY.

1. God make my life a lit - tle light, Within the world to glow;
 2. God make my life a lit - tle flower, That giv - eth joy to all,
 3. God make my life a lit - tle staff Whereon the weak may rest,
 4. God make my life a lit - tle hymn Of ten - der-ness and praise;

A lit - tle flame that burneth bright Wherev - er I may go.
 Con - tent to bloom in na - tive bower, Although its place be small.
 That so what health and strength I have May serve my neighbor best.
 Of faith, that nev - er waxeth dim, In all His wondrous ways.

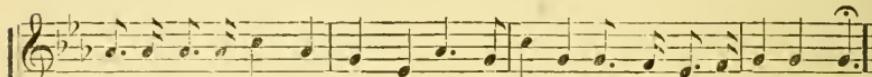
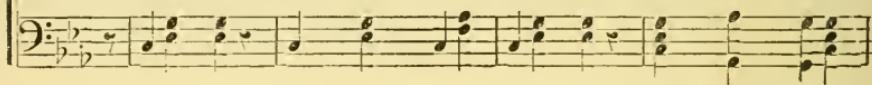
A lit - tle flame that burneth bright Wherev - er I may go.
 Con - tent to bloom in na - tive bower, Although its place be small.
 That so what health and strength I have May serve my neighbor best.
 Of faith, that nev - er waxeth dim, In all His wondrous ways.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

J. R. M.



1. A soul is lost, and drifting on the tide; A soul is lost up on life's ocean wide. O,
 2. The life-boat launch, and quickly speed away, For it will cost a soul to make delay. No
 3. A soul is lost far distant from the shore; O God of love, have mercy, we implore, And



quickly send the life-boat o'er the wave, To save a soul from an e - ter - nal grave.
 time to lose—a few more gasps of breath, Another precious soul goes down in death.
 save a soul from sinking 'neath the wave In - to the ter - ror of an endless grave.



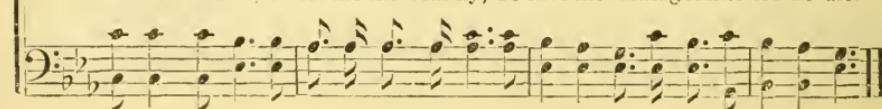
Spirited.



The life-boat! the life-boat, O launch and speed away, For it will cost a soul to make delay,



No time to lose, O let the life-boat fly, To save the sinking sinner ere he die.



Rallying Song. (Temperance.)

115

Words by RICHARD HINCHCLIFFE.

1. Round the temp'rane banner ral - ly, Let it grandly, proudly wave;
 2. Thousands have put on the ar - mor, Gath-er in, in thousands more;
 3. See the foe's grim ranks have part-ed Where our shot and shell went thro';
 4. Onward, strike the foe with ter - ror! Manhood brave and fie - ry youth;

Gath-er in from hill and val - ley, Gath - er in ye true and brave.
 Tho' the con - flict still grows warmer, Stand for right, and vic - try's sure.
 One grand charge, ye no - ble-heart-ed, Onward now, ye brave and true!
 Sweep the accus'd ranks of er - ror, With the thun-der-bolts of truth.

We've a mighty foe to con-quer, We've a con - flict great and grand;

God is with us, then march forward, Heart to heart and hand to hand.

116 Help drive the Wedge. (Temperance Quartet.)

From "Temperance Revival Songs," by per.

By C. A. WHITE.

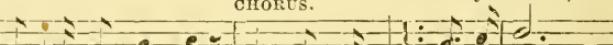
The image shows a musical score for a band. It consists of three staves of music. The top staff is for the solo section, the middle staff is for the chorus, and the bottom staff is for the solo section again. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are as follows:
1. Come, join the temp'rance band, Come, one and all; Help drive from out the land
2. Throw out the Banners wide, See now they come, Swelling our sol - id ranks
3. Jus - tie and right to all, Come, join the band; Help those who've had a fall,

1. Come, join the temp'rance band, Come, one and all ; Help drive from out the land
2. Throw out the Banners wide, See now they come, Swelling our sol - id ranks
3. Jus - tie and right to all, Come, join the band ; Help those who've had a fall,

A musical score for three voices. The first staff is labeled 'CHORUS.' and features a treble clef. The second staff is labeled 'SOLO.' and features a bass clef. The third staff is labeled 'CHORUS.' and features a treble clef. The lyrics are: 'King Al - co - hol. Both old and young now come, Come, sign the pledge; From ev' - ry home. Car - ry the blessed news All o'er the land, Come join the band. Strike while the i - ron's hot, Strike, one and all,'

King Al - co - hol. Both old and young now come, Come, sign the pledge;
From ev' - ry home. Car - ry the blessed news All o'er the land,
Come join the band. Strike while the i - ron's hot, Strike, one and all,

SOLO. CHORUS. Will you come, will you



Temp'ranee has got a start, Help drive the wedge.
 Plead with them now to come And join our band.
 Help drive from out the land King Al - eo - hol.

will you come,

Temp'rance has got a start, Help drive the wedge.
Plead with them now to come And join our band.
Help drive from out the land King Al - eo - hol.

Will you
will you come, Will you come now and join the temp'rance band?

will you come, Will you come now and join the temp'rance band?

help, will you help,

REPEAT PP.

will you help, will you help, Will you help drive the curse from the land?

Rally, O ye Friends of Temperance.

Words by Rev. PHEBE HANAFORD.

Music by C. A. WHITE.

1. Ral-ly, oh ye friends of Temp'rance, Ral-ly round our standard fair,
 2. Heart and hand and voice be giv-en To the cause we hon-or here,
 3. Cheer the sad and lift the fall-en, Lay not mer-ey's bur-den down,

God and Christ and ho-ly an-gels Will sus-tain and bless you there.
 Till the homes of earth, like heav-en, Shall be full of love, not fear.
 For your rest is just be-fore you, There a-waits your fade-less crown.

d.s. Make His paths your no-b-le choicee, Seal and keep your Temp'rancee vow.

REFRAIN.

D.S.

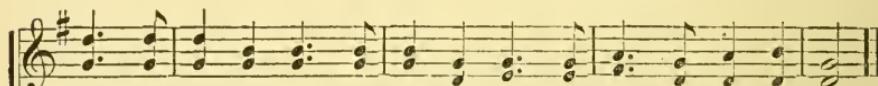
Rally, rally, rally, rally, For the voice of Mas-ter calls you now,

Moderato.

1. Yes, we part, but not for - ev - er, Joy - ful hopes our bo - soms swell;
 2. Oh what meetings are be - fore us! Bright-er far than tongue can tell;



They who love the Saviour nev - er Knew a long, a last farewell.
 Glorious meet - ings to re - store us Him with whom we long to dwell.

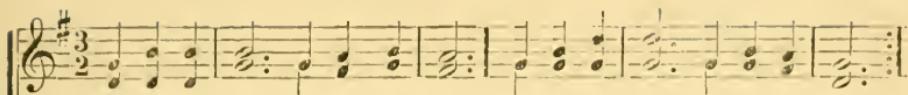


Bliss - ful un - ions, bliss - ful un - ions, Lie be - yond this part - ing vale.
 With what rap-tures, with what rap-tures, Will the sight our bo - soms swell.



3 Now indeed we meet and sever ;
 Chequered is our transient day ;
 Life's best flowers perish ever,
 Tending to a long decay.
 Fairest flowers, fairest flowers,
 Bnd and bloom, and die away.

4 Soon will cease such short-lived pleasures,
 Soon will fade this earth away ;
 Brighter, fairer, nobler treasures
 Wait the full redemption day.
 Hail the rising, hail the rising
 Of the wished-for new-born ray.



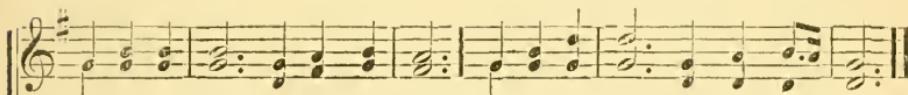
1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can enter there; {
Its glitt'ring towers the sun outshine; That heav'nly Mansion shall be mine. }



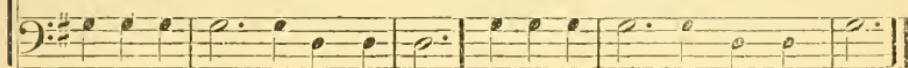
CHORUS.



I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more.



To die no more, To die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more.



2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 While here a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
And though like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

5 Then fail the earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

1st verse *Andantino.*
2d verse, *Allegretto.*

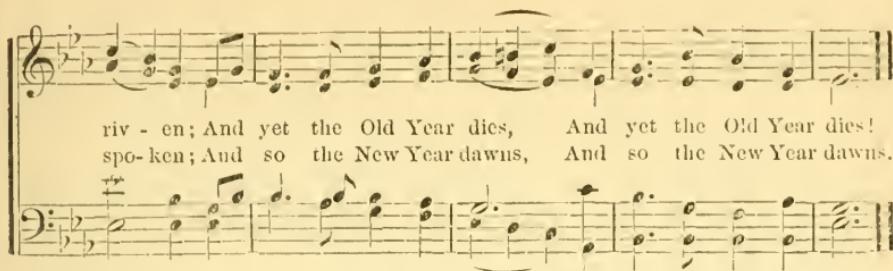
Words, Miss ELIZABETH M. CHADBOURNE.

1. Draw back the curtain, child, And see the Old Year die; Hear the bells toll
 2. Draw back the curtain, child, And see the New Year dawn; Hear the bells ring

mournfully, Hear the wind laugh scornful-ly, As it hurries by,
 mer-ri- ly, Hear the wind sing cheer-i - ly, As it speeds a - long,

as it hurries by. There are wrongs that are not righted; There are loves that are not
 as it speeds a-long. There are hearts that will be light-er; There are eyes that will be

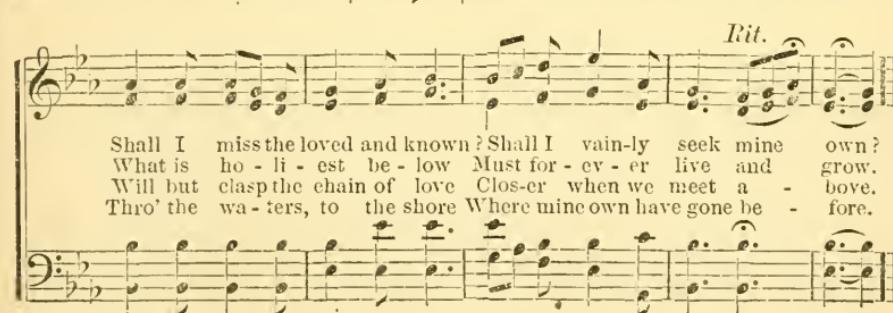
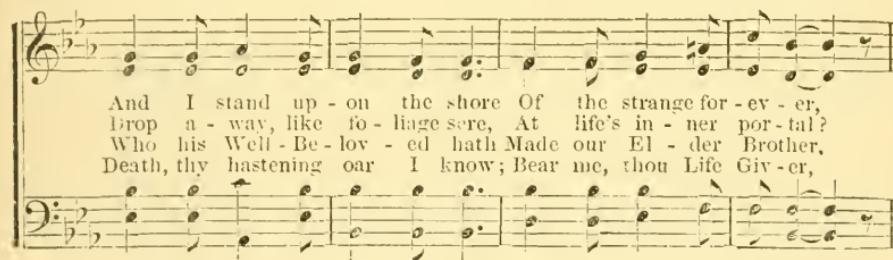
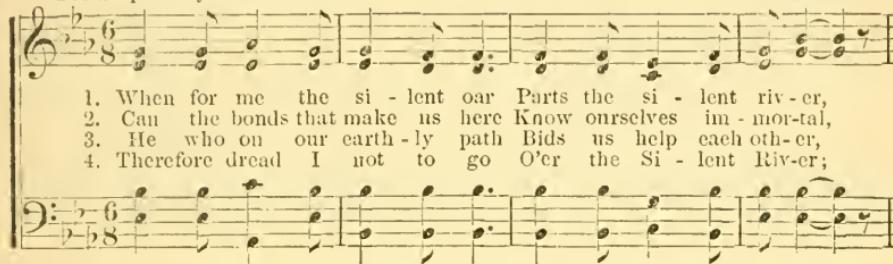
plighted; There are sins not yet for - giv - en; There are souls with sor - row
 brighter; There are flow-ers yet to o - pen; There are sweet words to be



When for me the Silent Oar.

From a poem by LUCY LARCOM.

J. R. M.



MARY A. STRAUB.

S. W. STRAUB.

1ST VOICE.

1. When shall I la-bor for the Lord, That I may have a blest re-ward?
 2. Where shall I la-bor for the Lord? Where is the field and where the road?
 3. How shall I la-bor for the Lord? His bless-ed truth, his ho-ly word?

Is it when bright the sun doth shine, And when the heavens are sublime?
 Is it for rich, is it for poor, Where splendor reigns, or wants implore?
 The bet-ter life I would pur-sue; What is it thou wouldest have me do?

2D VOICE.

Go, la-bor in the vine-yard now; The Mas-ter soon will tell thee how:
 The Saviour has no special ground, Or favored spot; none can be found;
 With ready heart and will-ing hands, He asks of thee to feed his lambs.

The door is o-pen, go thy way, Whate'er may be the time of day.
 He calls to la-bor for mankind, Where thou a va-cant place canst find.
 And ev-'ry day the right pursue, And help the no-bile and the true.

CHORUS.

Now is the time; 'tis ev - 'ry day, I hear the bless-ed Saviour say;

Oh, wait not for the morrow's sun, Thus nev - er can thy task be done.

Lovegrove. 78.

MARY GRAY.

1. Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, On - ly lean up - on his word;
 2. He sus - tains thee by his hand, He en - a - bles thee to stand;
 3. Heav'n and earth may pass a - way, God's free gracie shall not de - cay;
 4. Je - sus! Guardian of thy flock, Be thy - self our con - stant Rock;

Thou wilt soon have cause to bless His e - ter - nal faith - ful - ness.
 Those whom Je - sus once hath loved, From his gracie are nev - er moved.
 He hath prom - ised to ful - fil All the plea - sure of his will.
 Make us, by thy pow'r - ful hand, Strong as Zi - on's mountain stand.

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

By C. A. WHITE.



1. One hun-dred years I've waved o'er my peo- ple, O'er land and sea,
 2. No Flag on earth shall in - sult this na-tion, Jus - tice and right



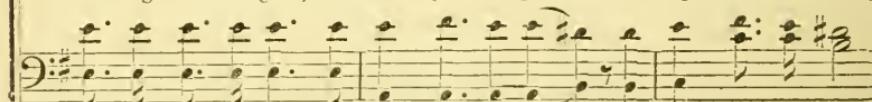
O - ver church tow'r and steeple, Foremost in bat - tle, Proudly I reign,
 shall e'er be our re - la - tion; No creed or sect shall here ev - er reign,

*ad lib.*

Triumphant now o'er thee, With - out one stain. Oh how I trembled, when
 While floats the stars and stripes, With - out one stain. Stars that were blotted are



called a - lone to stand, But brave hearts sustained me To wave o'er the Land,
 shin - ing once a - gain, The an - gel of peace Has wiped out the stain,



* Published in sheet form, with piano accompaniment.

REFRAIN.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves have a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The first section, labeled 'REFRAIN.', consists of a repeating pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics 'O my A - mer - i - ca, O my A - mer - i - ca,' are repeated. The second section, labeled 'ad lib.', begins with 'Proud - ly I wave o'er thee, Sweet land of Lib - er - ty.' It includes a dynamic instruction 'Repeat pp' and a measure with a '3' above it, indicating a triple time section. The music concludes with a final section of eighth and sixteenth notes.

CENTENNIAL ODE.

Tune, America.

1 O land of heroes dead,
Full ten decades are fled,
Yet thou art young;
The years adorn thy fame,
The nations own thy claim,
Thy children praise thy name
With grateful tongue.

2 Defender of the right,
Rule thou in peaceful might
From sea to sea!
With Wisdom in thy hand
Thou shalt forever stand,
One vast united land,
Noble and free! w. w. FAY.

2D HYMN.

1 My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong!

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

3D HYMN.

1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night.
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

1. To Jesus, the crown of my hope, My soul is in haste to be gone;

O, bear me, ye cher-u-bim up, And waft me a-way to His throne.

- 2 My Saviour, whom absent I love,
Whom, not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power,—
- 3 Dissolve thou these bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee,
Oh, strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.
- 4 When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline,—
- 5 Oh, then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured;
I shall meet him whom, absent, I loved,
I shall see whom, unseen, I adored.
- 6 And then, never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.

REALMS OF THE BLEST.

Tune, "Sprague."

- 1 We speak of the realms of the blessed,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confessed,
But what must it be to be there!
- 2 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care,
From trials without and within—
But what must it be to be there!

- 3 Do thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe.
For heaven my spirit prepare;
And shortly I also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

Webb. Key, B flat.

- 1 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.
- 3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

1. And Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me,

For of such is the king - dom of heaven. A - men.

2 He shall feed His | flock·like a | shep-
herd;
He shall gather the lambs with His arm
and | carry them | in His | bosom.

3 I will pour My Spirit upon thy seed, and
my blessing up- | on thine | offspring;
And they shall spring up as among the
grass, as | willows · by the | water |
courses.

4 Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations,
baptizing them in the name of the Fa-
ther, and of the Son, and of the | Ho-
ly | Ghost;
Teaching them to observe all things
whatsoever I have commanded you,
and lo! I am with you always | even-
unto the | end·of the | world. Amen.

5 Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,
and to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and
ever | shall be, | world·without | end.||
Amen.

1ST HYMN.

1 Rock of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side that flowed,
Be of sin the double cure—
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow—
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and thou alone!

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

2D HYMN.

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.
For O, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And just before, the Shining Shore,
We may almost discover!

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
For oh, we stand, etc.

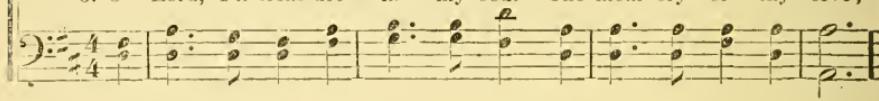
3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
For oh, we stand, etc.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says, Come, and there's our
home,
Forever, oh, forever!
For oh, we stand, etc.

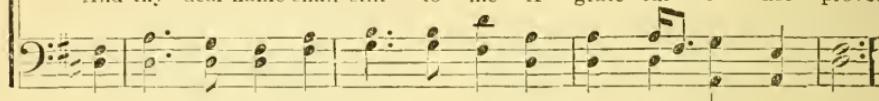
Rev. J. STENNETT, 1697.



1. My bless - ed Saviour, is thy love So great, so full, so free?
 2. No man of greater love can boast Than for his friend to die;
 3. O Lord, I'll treas-ure in my soul The mem-ory of thy love;



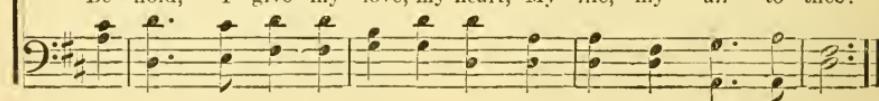
Be - hold, I give my love, my heart, My life, my all to thee.
 But for thy foes, Lord, thou wast slain: What love with thine can vie!
 And thy dear name shall still to me A grate-ful o - dor prove.



I love thee for the glo - rious worth In thy great self I see;
 Though in the ver - y form of God, With heavenly glo - ry crowned,
 My bless-ed Sav - iour, is thy love So great, so full, so free?



I love thee for that shameful cross Thou hast en - dured for me.
 Thou would'st partake of hu - man flesh Be - set with troubles round.
 Be - hold, I give my love, my heart, My life, my all to thee!



1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide; The darkness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
 3. I need thy pres - ence ev' - ry pass-ing hour, What but thy
 4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless; Ills have no

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
 dim; its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - eay in
 grace can foil the tempter's power? Who like thy - self my
 weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness: Where is death's sting? where,

fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bide with me!
 all a - round I see: Oh, thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
 guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sun-shine, oh, a - bide with me!
 grave, thy vie - to - ry? I tri-unph still, if thou a - bide with me!

ABIDE IN THEE.

- 1 Abide in thee, in that deep love of thine,
 My Jesus, Lord, thou Lamb of God divine;
 Down, closely down, as living branch with tree,
 I would abide, my Lord, my Christ, in thee.
- 2 Abide in thee, my Saviour God, I know
 How love of thine, so vast, in me may flow:
 My empty vessel running o'er with joy,
 Now overflows to thee without alloy.
- 3 Abide in thee, nor doubt, nor self, nor sin,
 Can e'er prevail with thy blest life within;
 Joined to thyself, communing deep, my son!
 Knows naught beside its motions to control.
- 4 Abide in thee, 'tis thus I only know
 The secrets of thy mind e'en while below;
 All joy and peace, and knowledge of thy word,
 All power and fruit, and service for the Lord.

Evening Prayer.

FLEMING.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

J. R. M.

"I am the good Shepherd." Tune, "Evening Prayer."

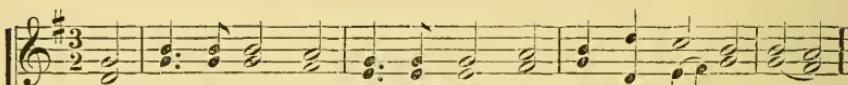
- 1 He is the Shepherd, we his sheep who follow
Where'er His blessed feet lead the way before us,
In all our wandering His tender love is o'er us
Guiding our onward way,
- 2 In the green pastures by the peaceful waters,
Rest all the happy ones whom the shepherd leadeth;
Hears He their faintest cry and never vainly pleadeth
Any who follow Him.
- 3 Many the dear lambs basking in Thy sunshine,
Here and in Heav'n above, blessed, blessed Jesus,
O Loving Shepherd, Thou whose watchful eye e'er sees us
Make us of that blest fold.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave, and fol - low thee;
 2. Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my Saviour, too;
 3. Man may trouble and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to thy breast;

Na - ked, poor, despised, for - sa - ken, Thou from hence my all shalt be!
 Hu-man hearts and looks de - ceive me, Thou art not, like them, un - true;
 Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweet - est rest!

Per - ish ev' - ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
 Oh! while thou dost smile up - on me, God of wis-dom, love, and might,
 Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me, While thy love is left to me;

Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own!
 Foes may hate, and friends dis-own me, Show thy face, and all is bright.
 Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un-mixed with thee.



1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross—A follower of the Lamb—
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flowery beds of ease;



And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?



3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.—WATTS.

2D HYMN.

1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

4 O thou by whom we come to God—
The Life, the Truth, the Way—
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

3D HYMN.

1 Oh, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely shed for me;

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak
Where Jesus reigns alone!

3 Oh, for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within;

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

1ST HYMN.

Woodworth. Key, E flat.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not,
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am, tho' tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee I find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am, thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2D HYMN.

Hamburg. Key, F.

1 God is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be
hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world—
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

3D HYMN.

Missionary Chant.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princees meet,
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless mercies crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4TH HYMN.

Hebron. Key, B flat.

1 Thus far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

5TH HYMN.

Rest. Key, E flat.

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venom'd sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

1. My soul, re - peat his praise, Whose mer - cies are so great;
 2. High as the heavens are raised A - bove the ground we tread,
 Whose an - ger is so slow to rise, So read - y to a - bate.
 So far the rich - es of his graee Our high - est tho'ts ex - ceed.

3 His power subdues our sins,
 And his forgiving love,
 Far as the east is from the west,
 Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord,
 To those who fear his name,
 Is such as tender parents feel;
 He knows our feeble frame.

5 Our days are as the grass,
 Or like the morning flower;
 If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
 It withers in an hour.

2D HYMN.

1 Come, sound his praise abroad,
 And hymns of glory sing,
 Jehovah is the sovereign God,
 The universal king.

2 Come—worship at his throne,
 Come—bow before the Lord;
 We are his work, and not our own,
 He formed us by his word.

3D HYMN.

1 My soul, be on thy guard,
 Ten thousand foes arise,
 And hosts of sin are pressing hard
 To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray,
 The battle ne'er give o'er;
 Renew it boldly every day,
 And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
 Nor once at ease sit down;
 Thine arduous work will not be done
 Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
 Shall bring thee to thy God;
 He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
 Up to his blest abode.

4TH HYMN.

1 Come, we that love the Lord,
 And let our joys be known;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.

2 The hill of Sion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reaeh the heavenly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.

3 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry;
 We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
 To fairer worlds on high.

MARSH.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, {
While the waters near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
D. C. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O, receive my soul at last!

D. C.

Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

2D HYMN.

1 Thon, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

2 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.

Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

3D HYMN.

1 Jesus, Shepherd of the sheep!
Powerful is thine arm to keep
All thy flocks with safest care,
Fed in pastures large and fair.

2 Thee their guide and guard they own;
Thee they love, and thee alone;
Thee they follow day by day,
Fearful lest their feet should stray.

3 Lord, thy helpless sheep behold;
Gather all unto thy fold;
Gently lead the wanderers home;
Watch them, lest again they roam.

4 Bring thy sheep, now far astray,
Lost in Satan's evil way;
Then, the fold and Shepherd one,
We shall praise thee round the throne.

1. I would love thee, God and Fa-ther! My Re-deem-er, and my King!

I would love thee; for, without thee, Life is but a bit - ter thing.

2 I would love thee; every blessing
Flows to me from out thy throne:
I would love thee—he who loves thee
Never feels himself alone.

3 I would love thee; look upon me,
Ever guide me with thine eye:
I would love thee; if not nourished
By thy love, my soul would die.

4 I would love thee; may thy brightness
Dazzle my rejoicing eyes!
I would love thee; may thy goodness
Watch from heaven o'er all I prize.

5 I would love thee, I have vowed it,
On thy love my heart is set;
While I love thee, I will never
My Redeemer's blood forget.

2D HYMN.

1 Take my heart, O Father, take it!
Make and keep it all thine own;
Let thy Spirit melt and break it—
This proud heart of sin and stone.

2 Father, make it pure and lowly,
Fond of peace, and far from strife;
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.

3 Ever let thy grace surround it;
Strengthen it with power divine,
Till thy cords of love have bound it:
Make it to be wholly thine.

4 May the blood of Jesus heal it,
And its sins be all forgiven;
Holy Spirit, take and seal it,
Guide it in the path to heaven.

DOXOLOGY.

Praise the God of our salvation,
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation;
Praise the Spirit from above:
Praise the Fountain of salvation,
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give!

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
 No; there's a cross for ev' - ry one, And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above
 Who once went sorrowing here;
 But now they taste unmixed love,
 And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
 Till death shall set me free,
 And then go home my crown to wear—
 For there's a crown for me!

2D HYMN.

1 Christ leads me thro' no darker rooms
 Than he went through before;
 No one into his kingdom comes,
 But through his opened door.

2 Come, Lord, when grace has made me
 Thy blessed face to see; [meet
 For if thy work on earth be sweet,
 What will thy glory be?

3 There shall I end my sad complaints,
 And weary, sinful days,
 And join with all triumphant saints
 Who sing Jehovah's praise.

4 My knowledge of that life is small;
 The eye of faith is dim;

But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
 And I shall be with him.

3D HYMN.

1 O Jesus! King most wonderful,
 Thou Conqueror renowned;
 Thou sweetness most ineffable,
 In whom all joys are found!—

2 When once thou visitest the heart,
 Then truth begins to shine,
 Then earthly vanities depart,
 Then kindles love divine.

3 O Jesus, light of all below!
 Thou Fount of life and fire!
 Surpassing all the joys we know,
 All that we can desire,—

4 May every heart confess thy name,
 And ever thee adore;
 And, seeking thee, itself inflame
 To seek thee more and more.

5 Thee may our tongues forever bless;
 Thee may we love alone;
 And ever in our life express
 The image of thine own.

1. I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home;
Earth is a desert drear, Heav'n is my home; } Dan-ger and sorrow stand

Round me on ev'-ry hand, Heav'n is my fatherland— Heav'n is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage.
Heaven is my home;
Time's cold and wint'ry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last—
Heaven is my home.
3 There, at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified—
Heaven is my home;
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
And there, I, too, shall rest;—
Heaven is my home!

2D HYMN.

1 Jesus, thy name I love,
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh! thou art all to me!
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from thee,
Jesus, my Lord!
2 Thou blessed Son of God,
Hast bought me with thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh! how great is thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord!
3 When unto thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!

What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care,
Since thou art ever near?
Jesus, my Lord!

4 Soon thou wilt come again!
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like thee be,
Then evermore with thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

3D HYMN.

1 O thou best gift of heaven,
Thou who thyself hast given,—
For thou hast died!
This thou hast done for me;
What have I done for thee,
What have I done for thee,
Thou crucified?

2 I long to serve thee more;
Reveal an open door,
Saviour, to me;
Then, counting all but loss,
I'll glory in the cross,
I'll glory in the cross,
And follow thee.

3 Do thou but point the way,
And give me strength t' obey;
Thy will be mine:
Then can I think it joy
To suffer or to die,
To suffer or to die,
Since I am thine.

Arr. from the German by DR. MASON.

1. Joy - ful be the hours to - day; Joy - ful let the sea - sons be;

Let us sing, for well we may: Je - sns! we will sing of thee.

2 Should thy people silent be,
Then the very stones would sing:
What a debt we owe to thee,
Thee our Saviour, thee our King!

3 'Tis thy grace alone can save;
Every blessing comes from thee—
All we have, and hope to have,
All we are, and hope to be.

4 Thine the Name to sinners dear!
Thine the Name all names before
Blessed here and everywhere;
Blessed now and evermore!

2D HYMN.

1 Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud of Jesus' name;
Ye who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears:
See your guilt and enrse remove,
Canceled by redeeming love.

3 Weleome, all by sin oppressed,
Weleome to his saered rest:

Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

4 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string:
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love!

3D HYMN.

1 Graeious Spirit, Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pardoning gracie to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his preeious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,—
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord! for ever thine.

1. O, worship the King all glorious a - bove; O, grateful - ly sing his pow'r and his love!

Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days, Pavilion'd in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 O, tell of his might, O, sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy, space!
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plains,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rains.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and Friend.

2D HYMN.

1 Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, he rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh—his presence we have;
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give him his right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

1. Come, thou al-might - y King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise:

Father! all-glorious, O'er all vic-torius, Come and reign over us, Ancient of Days!

2 Come, thou incarnate Word!
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

2D HYMN.

1 God of the morning ray,
God of the rising day,
Glorious in power!
In thee we live and move,
And thus we daily prove
Thy condescending love
Eaeh passing hour.

2 God of our feeble race,
God of redeeming grace,
Spirit all-blest!
Our own eternal Friend,
Thy guardian influence lend,
From every snare defend—
In thee we rest.

3D HYMN.

1 Praise ye Jehovah's name;
Praise through his courts proclaim;
Rise and adore;
High o'er the heavens above,
Sound his great acts of love,
While his rich grace we prove,
Vast as his power.

2 Now let the trumpet raise
Sounds of triumphant praise,
Wide as his fame;
There let the harp be found;
Organs, with solemn sound,
Roll your deep notes around,
Filled with his name.

3 While his high praise you sing,
Shake every sounding string;
Sweet the accord!
He vital breath bestows;
Let every breath that flows,
His noblest fame disclose;
Praise ye the Lord.

1. Praise to thee, thou great Cre-a - tor! Praise to thec from ev'-ry tongue;
Join, my soul, with ev' - ry creature, Join the u - ni - ver-sal song.

2 Father, Souree of all compassion,
Pure, unbounded grae is thine :
Hail the God of our salvation !
Praise him for his love divine.

3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sonnd his praise thro' earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

4 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise ;
There, enraptured, fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

2D HYMN.

1 Gently, Lord ! oh, gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears ;
Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us ;
Lead us in thy perfect way.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,

Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.

4 And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us on thy bosom rest ;
Till, by angel-bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

3D HYMN.

1 Pilgrims in this vale of sorrow,
Pressing onward toward the prize,
Strength and comfort here we borrow
From the Hand that rules the skies

2 'Mid these scenes of self-denial,
We are called the race to run ;
We must meet full many a trial
Ere the victor's crown is won.

3 Love shall every conflict lighten,
Hope shall urge us swifter on,
Faith shall every prospect brighten,
Till the morn of heaven shall dawn.

4 On the eternal arm reclining,
We, at length, shall win the day ;
All the powers of earth combining
Shall not snatch our crown away.

1 In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred sto - ry Gathers round its head sub-lime.

2 When the woes of life o'er take me, Hopes deceive, and fears annoy, Never shall the cross forsake me : Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love upon my way, From the cross the radiance streaming, Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanctified ; Peace is there, that knows no measure, Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory, Towering o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of sacred story Gathers round its head sublime.

2D HYMN.

1 Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious !
See the Man of sorrows now
From the fight return'd victorious ;
Every knee to him shall bow.

2 Crown the Saviour ! angels, crown him !
Rich the trophies Jesus brings ;
In the seat of power enthrone him,
Crown the Saviour King of kings !

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim ;
Saints and angels ! crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation,
Hark, those loud, triumphant chords !
Jesus takes the highest station ;
King of kings, and Lord of lords !

3D HYMN.

1 Crown his head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassions never ceasing,
Comes salvation to proclaim.

2 Lo ! Jehovah, we adore thee ;
Thee, our Saviour; thee, our God !
From his throne his beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad.

3 Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee, our God, in praise we own ;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne.

4 Now, ye saints, his power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore ;
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows for evermore.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his
 ex-cel-lent word! What more can he say than to you he hath said, Who un - to the
 Saviour for ref - uge have fled, Who un - to the Saviour for ref-uge have fled.

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed;
 For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
 Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
 The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
 For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
 I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake!"

2D HYMN. 1 O eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore!

Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more!
 The light of his countenance shineth so bright,
 That here, as in heaven, there need be no night.

2 While looking to Jesus my heart cannot fear;
 I tremble no more when I see Jesus near:
 I know that his presence my safeguard will be,
 For, " Why are ye troubled ? " he saith unto me.

3 Still looking to Jesus, oh, may I be found,
 When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round:
 They bear me away in his presence to be;
 I see him still nearer whom always I see.

1. Je - sus on - ly, when the morning, Beams up-on the path I tread;

Je - sus on - ly, when the darkness Gathers round my wea - ry head.

2 Jesus only, when the billows
Cold andullen o'er me roll;
Jesus only, when the trumpet
Rends the tomb and wakes the soul.

3 Jesus only, when in judgment
Boding fears my heart appall;
Jesus only, when the wretched
On the rocks and mountains call.

4 Jesus only, when, adoring,
Saints their crowns before him bring;
Jesus only, I will, joyous,
Through eternal ages sing.

2D HYMN.

1 Always with us, always with us—
Words of cheer and words of love;
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,
From his dwelling place above.

2 With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none;
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.

3 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;

Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear.

4 With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream;
Lighting up the steps to glory
With salvation's radiant beam.

3D HYMN.

1 Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear:

Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day before thee—
God's own hand shall guide thee there.

Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come! Let thy bright beams a - rise:
Dis - pel the sor - row from our minds, The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convinee us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secreet love of God.
3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.
5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

2D HYMN.

1 Now is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grae;
Now, sinners, eome without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.
2 Now is th' acceptcd time,
The Saviour calls to-day:
To-morrow it may be too late;
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.
4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels swiftly fly
To bear the news above.

3D HYMN.

1 The Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "Come!"
2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come;"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the Fountain, come:
3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come,
4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so; we wait thine hour;
O blest Redeemer, come!

1. Plunged in a gulf of dark de-spair, We wretched sin - ners lay,
Without one cheer-ful beam of hope, Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Graee
Beheld our helpless grief :
He saw, and, oh, amazing love !—
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh, for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break ;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak !

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys !
Strike all your harps of gold !
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

2D HYMN.

1 Return, my roving heart, return,
And life's vain shadows chase no more ;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 O thou great God ! whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep retreat,
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And let me here thy presencee meet.

3 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide ;
And still its beams unerring dart,
Till all be known and purified.

4 Then let the visits of thy love,
My inmost soul be made to share,
Till every grace combine to prove
That God has fixed his dwelling there.

3D HYMN.

1 The Saviour calls ! let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound :
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear ;
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart
Here streams of bounty flow ;
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise
To ease your every pain—
Immortal fountain ! full supplies !—
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts !
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.

1. How gen - tle God's commands! How kind his pre-cepts are! Come,

cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

2D HYMN.

1 Our heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both, our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all our griefs;
He pardons every day,—
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.

3 How large his bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with his blood!

4 Jesus, our living Head!
We bless thy faithful care,—
Our Advocate before the throne,
And our Forerunner there.

5 Here fix, my roving heart!
Here wait, my warmest love!
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above.

3D HYMN.

1 Give to the winds thy fears:
Hope on, be not dismayed:
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time! the darkest night
Shall end in brightest day.

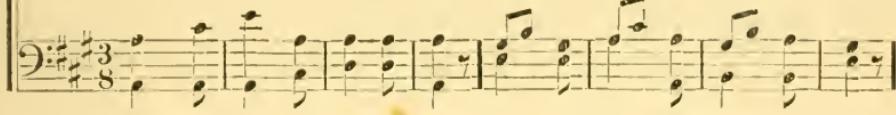
3 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.

4 What though thou rulest not!
Yet heaven and earth and hell
Proclaim—God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

Arr. from VON WARTENSER.



1. Come, said Je-sns' sacred voicee, Come, and make my paths your choice;



I will guide yon to your home; Wea-ry wand'rer, hith-er come!



2 Hither come! for here is found
Bahn that flows for every wound ;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, saered, sinre.

2D HYMN.

1 Depth of mercy!—can there be
Merey still reserved for me ?
Can my God his wrath forbear ?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?

2 I have scorned the Son of God,
Trampled on his preeious blood,
Would not harken to his calls,
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Lord, incline me to repent ;
Let me now my fall lament—
Deeply my revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 Still for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands :

God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesns weeps, and loves me still.

3D HYMN.

1 Stealing from the world away,
We are come to seek thy face ;
Kindly meet ns, Lord, we pray,
Grant us thy reviving grace.

2 Yonder stars that gild the sky
Shine but with a borrowed light;
We, unless thy light be nigh,
Wander, wrapped in gloomy night.

3 Sun of righteousness! dispel
All our darkness, doubts, and fears ;
May thy light within us dwell,
Till eternal day appears.

4 Warm our hearts in prayer and praise,
Lift our every thought above ;
Hear the grateful songs we raise,
Fill us with thy perfect love

Moderato.

Musical score for the first stanza of 'Mount Pisgah'. The music is in common time (4/4), key of G major (two sharps). The vocal line starts with eighth-note chords and eighth-note rhythms. The lyrics are: '1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies,'

Musical score for the second stanza of 'Mount Pisgah'. The music continues in common time (4/4), key of G major (two sharps). The vocal line starts with eighth-note chords and eighth-note rhythms. The lyrics are: 'I bid farewell to ev' - ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes,'

Musical score for the third stanza of 'Mount Pisgah'. The music continues in common time (4/4), key of G major (two sharps). The vocal line starts with eighth-note chords and eighth-note rhythms. The lyrics are: 'And wipe my weep-ing eyes, And wipe my weeping eyes;'

Musical score for the fourth stanza of 'Mount Pisgah'. The music continues in common time (4/4), key of G major (two sharps). The vocal line starts with eighth-note chords and eighth-note rhythms. The lyrics are: 'I bid farewell to ev' - ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.'

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;

May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all,—

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

FINE.

1. Yes, for me, for me he ear-eth With a broth-er's ten-der care;
Yes, with me, with me he shareth Ev'-ry bur-den, ev'-ry fear;
D. C. Yes, e'en me, e'en me he snatcheth From the per-ils of the way.

D.C.

Yes, o'er me, o'er me he watcheth, Ceaseless watcheth, night and day;

2 Yes, for me he standeth pleading,
At the mercy-seat above;
Ever for me intereeding,
Constant in untiring love :
Yes, in me abroad he sheddeth
Joys unearthly, love and light;
And to cover me he spreadeth
His paternal wing of might.

3 Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth;
I in him, and he in me !
And my empty soul he filleth,
Here and through eternity :
Thus I wait for his returning,
Singing all the way to heaven;
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even.

2D HYMN.

1 One there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end :
Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood ?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

2 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same :
Oh, for grace our hearts to soften !
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
We, alas ! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

3D HYMN.

- 1 Tarry with me, O my Saviour !
For the day is passing by ;
See ! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.
- 2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances ;
Shall it be the night of rest ?
- 3 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on thee ;
Tarry with me through the darkness ;
While I sleep, still watch by me.
- 4 Tarry with me, O my Saviour !
Lay my head upon thy breast ;
Till the morning ; then awake me —
Morning of eternal rest !

1. Dear Sa - viour! we are thine By ev - er - last - ing bands;
 Our hearts, our souls, we would re - sign En - tire - ly to thy hands.

- 2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt ns Christ to leave,
Oh, let them ne'er prevail!
- 3 Thy Spirit shall nnite
Our souls to thee, our Head;
Shall form in us thine image bright,
And teach thy paths to tread.
- 4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep ns near thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.
- 5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If he in heaven has fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

2D HYMN.

- 1 The day is past and gone;
The evening shades appear; .
O, may I ever keep in mind
The night of death draws near.
- 2 Lord, keep me safe this night,
Secure from all my fears;
May angels guard me while I sleep,
Till morning light appears.
- 3 And when I early rise,
To view th' unwearied sun,

May I set out to win the prize,
And after glory run—

- 4 That when my days are past,
And I from time remove,
I then may in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

3D HYMN.

- 1 One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
Nearer my parting hour am I
Than e'er I was before.
- 2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns—
Nearer the crystal sea.
- 3 Nearer my going home,
Laying my burden down,
Leaving my cross of heavy grief,
Wearing my starry crown.
- 4 Nearer that hidden stream,
Winding through shades of night,
Rolling its cold, dark waves between
Me and the world of light.
- 5 Jesus! to thee I cling:
Strengthen my arm of faith;
Stay near me while my way-worn feet
Press through the stream of death.

Old popular melody.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy,

A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill ;—
O! may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh! thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict aecount to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

2D HYMN.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love :
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;

But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign,
Through all eternity.

3D HYMN.

1 Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see their God ;
The secret of the Lord is theirs ;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 The Lord, who left the heavens,
Our life and peace to bring :
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their King ;—

3 He to the lowly soul
Doth still himself impart,
And for his dwelling, and his throne,
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 Lord, we thy presence seek :
May ours this blessing be ;
Oh, give the pure and lowly heart
A temple meet for thee !

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
 Hither by thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee;
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart; oh, take and seal it;
 Seal it for thy courts above.

2D HYMN.

1 Hail, my ever blessed Jesns!
 Only thee I wish to sing;
 To my soul thy name is precious,
 Thou my Prophet, Priest and King:
 Oh, what inerey flows from heaven!
 Oh, what joy and happiness!
 Love I much? I've much forgiven—
 I'm a miracle of grace!

2 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
 Unconcerned in sin I lay;
 Swift destruction still pursuing,
 Till my Saviour passed that way:
 Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
 My Redecmer's tenderness:
 Love I much? I've much forgiven—
 I'm a miracle of grace!

3 Shout, ye bright angelic choir!
 Praise the Lamb enthroned above!
 While, astonished, I admire
 God's free grace and boundless love:
 That blest moment I received him
 Filled my soul with joy and peace:
 Love I much? I've much forgiven—
 I'm a miracle of grace!

3D HYMN.

1 Hark! what mean those holy voices,
 Sweetly sounding through the skies;
 Lo, th' angelic host rejoices;
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Hear them tell the wondrous story,
 Hear them chant in hymns of joy:
 Glory in the highest, glory!
 Glory be to God most high!

3 Peace on earth, good will from heaven
 Reaching far as man is found;
 Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven;
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 Christ is born, the Great Anointed;
 Heaven and earth his praises sing;
 Oh, receive whom God appointed,
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
 Learn his name, and taste his joy;
 Till in heaven ye sing before him,
 "Glory be to God most high."

1ST HYMN.

1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine!

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

2D HYMN.

1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
||: And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer. :||

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness

Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
||: I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r. :||

3D HYMN.

1 Oh, happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour, and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 Oh, happy bond, that seals my vow—
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now, rest, my long-divided heart!
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast.

5 High Heav'n, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

4TH HYMN.

1 Soon may the last glad song arise
Through all the millions of the skies—
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's!

2 Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee!
And over land, and stream, and main,
Wave thou the scepter of thy reign!

3 Oh, let that glorious anthem swell,
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns!

156 A Hundred Years Ago. (Centennial.)

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

Tune—"Glory, hallelujah.

1 All around were field and forest, where our Zion came to be ;
And the mountain streams came singing, as they flowed to seek the sea ;
When with Jesus in the midst of them, were gathered two or three,
A hundred years ago.

CHORUS.—Here they learned who came to save us,—
Here they taught who came to save us ;—
Bless the church our fathers gave us,
A hundred years ago.

2 In the midst was He, to bless them, and the Holy Spirit ran
Through the hearts that loved to labor for the love of God and man
So, in faith, and hope, and courage, they the holy work began,
A hundred years ago.

3 Here they called the waiting people from the country far and near,
For they heard the Shepherd bid them feed his sheep and lambs so dear,
And he led them through green pastures, and by waters still and clear,
A hundred years ago.

4 One by one those loving teachers ceased, on earth, to praise and pray,
One by one the faithful servants to the Master went away :
One by one, they claimed the blessing He had promised them that day,
A hundred years ago.

5 Christian brothers, in the places that your fathers filled before,
Pointing through your Zion's Portals, to the Heavenly Open Door ;
Oh ! renew this day the covenant they made in days of yore,
A hundred years ago.

6 Then when up you go to meet them, where in glory now they dwell,
You shall wake the joy in heaven, as the story sweet you tell
Of the work your hands have finished, that their own began so well
A hundred years ago.

7 Oh ! our Father in the Heavens, wilt Thou hold us by the hand ;
Wilt Thou guide, and lead, and strengthen our united little band ;
Evermore may we stand steadfast, as our fathers used to stand,
A hundred years ago.

Ring loud the Bells. (Centennial.) L. M. 6 lines.

Mrs. R. M. TURNER.

1 Ring loud the bells' ring loud the bells !
While freedom now her triumph tells ;
Let every patriot hear the strain,
From Eastern sea to Western main ;
From pine to palm, afar and near,
We greet the long-expected year.

2 A century has rolled away.
Since dawned that great and glorious day
When pen and sword together met !

With prayer the patriot's seal was set !
Then came war's long and doubtful night,
Then dawn of day, then freedom's light.

3 A hundred years ! ah ! now behold
The record proud which they unfold !
Far spreads the banner of the free,
From Northern shore to Southern sea ;
A hundred years have rolled away,—
A century old we stand to-day.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here be - low;

Praise him a - bove, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

2D HYMN.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise :
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3D HYMN.

1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Savior God ;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord :
And faith stands leaning on his word.

4TH HYMN.

1 What various hindrances we meet
In coming to the meray-seat !
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there ?

2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds
withdraw ;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercize to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright ;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

5TH HYMN.

1 Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord !
Help us to feed upon thy word ;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good ;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

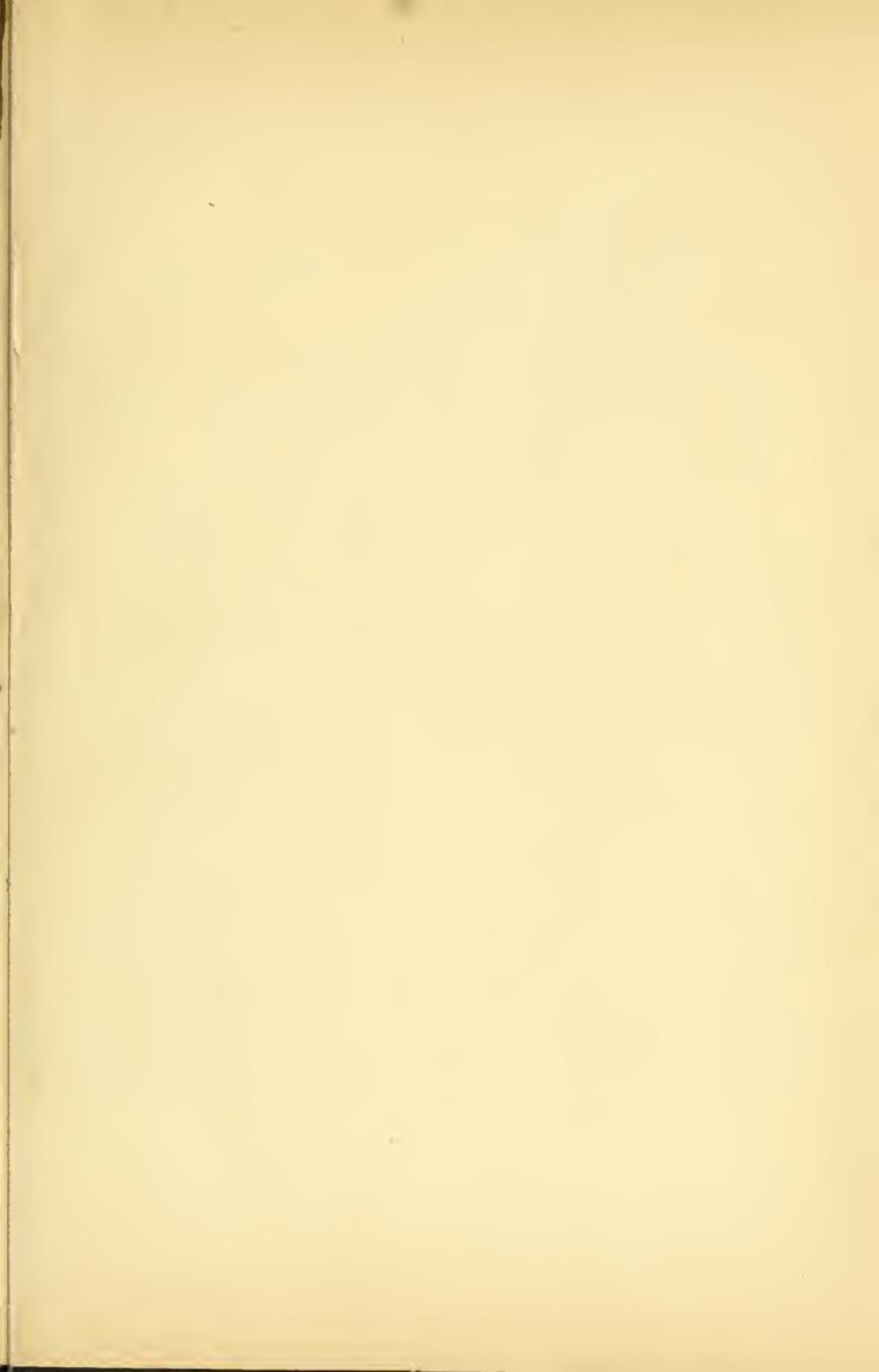
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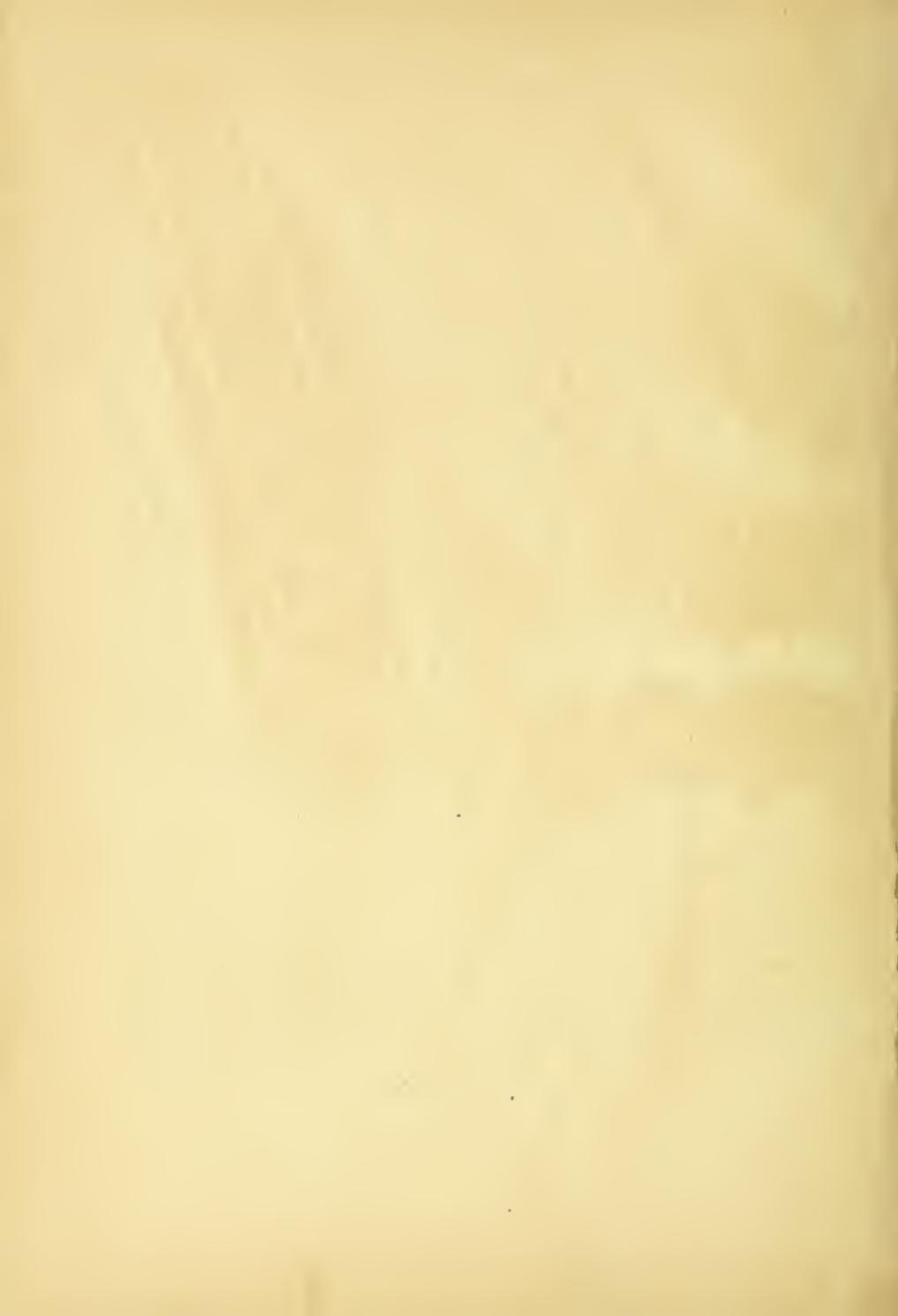
TITLES IN SMALL CAPS.—FIRST LINES IN ROMAN.

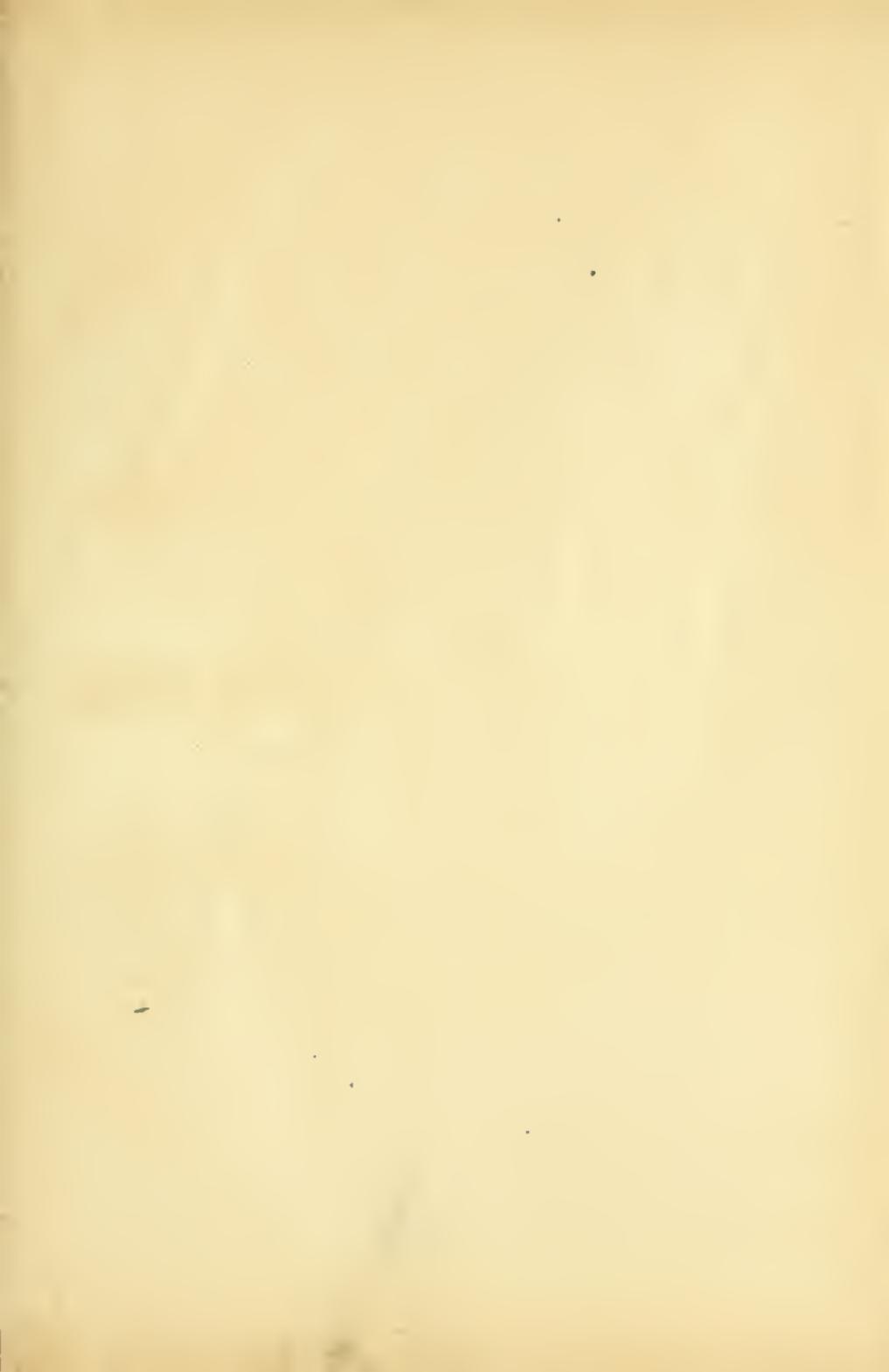
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